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"THE VIRGINIANS KNEW A BRAVE MAN WHEN THEY SAW ONE."

A WAR-TIME WOOING.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER months of disaster there had come authentic news of victory. All Union-loving men drew a long breath of relief when it was certain that Lee had given up the field and fallen back across the Potomac. The newsboys yelling through the crowded streets in town, and the evening trains arriving from the neighboring city, were besieged by eager buyers of the "extras," giving lists of the killed and wounded. Just at sunset of this late September day a tall young girl, in deep mourning, stood at a suburban station clinging to the arm of a sad, stern-featured old man. People eyed them with respect and sympathy, not unmixed with rural curiosity, for Dr. Warren was known and honored by one and all. A few months agone his only son had been brought home, shot to death at the head of his regiment, and was laid in his soldier grave in their shaded church-yard. It was a bitter trial, but the old man bore up sturdily. He was an eager patriot; he had no other son to send to the front, and was himself too old to serve; it had pleased God to demand his first-born in sacrifice upon his country's altar, and though it crushed his heart, it could not kill his loyalty and devotion. His whole soul seemed with the army in Virginia; he had nothing but scorn for those who lagged at home, nothing but enthusiastic faith in every man who sought the battle front, and so it happened that he almost welcomed the indications that told him his daughter's heart was going fast—given in return for that of a soldier lover.

For a moment it had dazed him. She was still so young—so much a child in his fond eyes—still his sweet-faced, sunny-haired baby Bess. He could hardly realize she was eighteen even when with blushing cheeks she came to show him the photograph of a manly, gallant-looking young soldier in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry. Strange as the story may seem to-day, there was at the time nothing very surprising about its most salient feature—she and her hero had never met.

With other girls she had joined a "Soldiers' Aid Society"; had wrought with devoted though misguided diligence in the manufacture of "Havelocks" that were bearers of much sentiment but no especial benefit to the recipients at the front; and like many of her companions she had slipped her name and address into one of these soon-discarded cap covers. As luck would have it, their package of "Havelocks," "housewives," needle-cases, mittens (with trigger finger duly provided for), ear-muffs, wristlets, knitted socks, and such things, worn by the "boys" their first winter in Virginia, but discarded for the regulation outfit thereafter, fell to the lot of the —th Massachusetts Infantry, and a courteous letter from the adjutant told of its distribution. Bessie Warren was secretary of the society, and the secretary was instructed to write to the adjutant and say how gratified they were to find their efforts so kindly appreciated. More than one of the girls wished that *she* were secretary just then, and all of them hoped the adjutant would answer. He did, and sent, moreover, a photographic group of several officers taken at regimental head-quarters. Each figure was numbered, and on the back was an explanation setting forth the names of the officers, the item which each had received as his share, and, where it was known, the name of the fair manufacturer. The really useful items, it would seem, had been handed to the enlisted men, and the officers had reserved for themselves only such articles as experience had proved to be of no practical value. The six in the picture had all chosen "Havelocks," and opposite the name of Bessie Warren was that of Second Lieutenant Paul Revere Abbot. Reference to the "group" again developed the fact that Mr. Abbot was decidedly the handsomest soldier of the party—tall, slender, youthful, with clear-cut and resolute features, and a decidedly firm, solid look about him that was distinguishable in a group of decidedly distinguished-looking men. There followed much laughing talk and speculation and theory among the girls, but the secretary was instructed to write another letter of thanks, and did so very charmingly, and mention was made of the circumstance that several of their number had brothers or cousins at the front. Then some of the society had happened, too, to have a photograph taken in the quaint uniform, with cap and apron, which they had worn at a recently given "Soldiers' Fair," and one of their number—not Miss Warren—sent a copy of this to the camp of the —th Massachusetts. Central figure in this group was Bessie Warren, unquestionably the loveliest girl among them all, and one day there came to her a single photograph, a still-handsomer picture of Mr. Paul Revere Abbot, and a letter in a hand somewhat stiff and cramped, in which the writer apologized for the appearance of the scrawl, explained that his hand had been injured while practising fencing with a comrade, but that having seen her picture in the group he could not but congratulate himself on having received a "Havelock" from hands so fair, could not resist the impulse to write and personally thank her, and then to inquire if she was a sister of Guthrie Warren, whom he had known and looked up to at Harvard as a "Soph" looks up to a Senior; and he enclosed his picture, which would perhaps recall him to Guthrie's mind.

Her mother had been dead many years, and Bessie showed this letter to her father, and with his full consent and with much sisterly pride wrote that Guthrie was indeed her brother; that he, too, had taken up arms for his country, and was at the front with his regiment, though nowhere near their friends of the —th Massachusetts (who were watching the fords of the Potomac up near Edwards Ferry), and that she had sent the photograph to *him*.

One letter seemed to lead to another, and those from the Potomac speedily became very interesting, especially when the papers mentioned how gallantly Lieutenant Paul Abbot had behaved at Ball's Bluff, and how hard he had tried to save his colonel, who was taken prisoner. Guthrie returned the photograph to Bess, with a letter which the doctor read attentively. He remembered Paul Abbot as being a leader in the younger set at Harvard, and was de-

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PATRIOTISM.

THE disposition to revive the war feeling as a part of the political campaign is very evident, but it is both a blunder and a crime. Honorable and intelligent men are bound to know the feelings and views of the leaders and representatives of sentiment in the Southern States, and to treat the question of suffrage not in a formal and technical, but in the most generous and sympathetic spirit. The proposition is indisputable that every legal voter has the right to vote freely and to have his vote counted. But when that right is violated in a jurisdiction over which other communities and citizens have no control, a remedy must be sought by the most careful consideration of all the circumstances. In our situation mere obloquy and denunciation can have but one result, and that is to perpetuate the conditions which are to be mitigated. We have already indicated the general course which seems to promise the best results, namely, to abolish the color line by promoting the normal conditions of party government, division according to opinions and interests, and not as a defensive league against presumed external interference.

The recent foolish tirade of Senator INGALLS served one excellent and wholly unexpected purpose. It was of no possible avail to array the evidence of a fact so notorious as that Mr. VOORHEES was a Copperhead during the war. It was a performance like that of demonstrating the same fact in regard to FERNANDO WOOD. But the intention to discredit all Southern Democrats as disloyal—the "Confederacy in the saddle" trick—was admirably rebuked and frustrated by Senator RANDALL GIBSON, of Louisiana. Those Republicans who are still apprehensive of rebel brigadiers may well ponder these words of Senator GIBSON:

"What was the issue put at arms by the Southern and Northern sections? It was, in the first place, the institution of slavery. Every one knows that slavery was the occasion of the war, and every one understands perfectly well that the principle of secession was invoked by the Southern people as the only safeguard to protect their property and liberty, their public peace, their social and political systems, from violent overthrow. Those two questions were settled, and settled finally, by the amendments of the Constitution, which we have sworn to support, the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments. What Southern man, what Southern State, has attempted to revive the institution of slavery? What Southern statesman has since the arbitrament of arms agitated the doctrine of secession? Not one. We all admit to-day that if any one were to take up arms, whether under State authority or not, against the United States, he would be guilty of treason, because the constitutional amendments declare that 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States.' Citizenship and allegiance are correlative. Southern members have voted for years with a lavish hand nearly a thousand millions in pensions to the soldiers of the Federal army and their families. We have freely voted supplies to the army and navy of the Union, from which we ourselves are excluded. We have done what we could to establish a sound currency for the people of the country, to diminish the public expenses, to improve the rivers and harbors, and to maintain the credit and honor of the flag in every land and on every sea under the sun."

Senator GIBSON concluded this branch of his remarks by quoting the famous concluding passage of WEBSTER'S reply to HAYNE, as the sentiment of the people that he represents. Could there be a manlier statement of the perfect good faith of our old foes than this; and in comparison with the vituperation of Senator INGALLS, can there be any question whatever of the nobler patriotism of such a speech as Senator GIBSON'S?

Another significant sign of the same kind occurs in the article contributed by Senator WADE HAMPTON, one of the most fiery and apparently implacable of Confederate leaders, to the new Chicago weekly journal, *America*, which publishes admirable and noteworthy papers upon important current topics. Senator HAMPTON, in discussing immigration and the results of the war, holds the experiment of incorporating in the body-politic a large mass of inexperienced and ignorant voters not to be so promising as to encourage a great and careless extension of such suffrage. Turning to the people of the Southern States, he says that no brave man who once opposed them would respect them if they did not honor the memory of their old comrades who are dead, and respect those who are living and have earned such regard. They do not confess that they were guilty, because they were wholly sincere, and gave the highest proof that men can give of entire sincerity. Senator HAMPTON says that he has never seen a man in those States who would be glad to see slavery restored, and that he is the enemy of both races who would seek to array them against each other. They are naturally interdependent, and when forced into collision, the weaker will necessarily suffer. The Senator adds:

"Most of the vexed and irritating questions which unhappily distracted and divided the country have been permanently settled by the late war. The South has accepted this settlement in absolute good faith, without reservations of any sort. She recognizes the supremacy of the Constitution, with all its recent amendments, as the supreme law of the land, and she regards the integrity and perpetuity of the Union as an established fact—one irrevocably fixed by the arbitrament of war, and the unanimous verdict of the people of the United States. To emphasize these statements, let me say farther that the Southern people, recognizing fully the results brought about by the war, feel that they have now but one country—one and indivisible—and that it is the duty of every patriotic man to strive to make that country powerful, respected abroad, honored at home, the fit abode of freemen for all generations to come, the home of Americans, who owe no allegiance, in fact or in feeling, to any foreign government, and who feel a sincere desire for the maintenance of our republican institutions; who, whether they are native-born or adopted citizens, wish to promote the prosperity, the honor, and the glory of the great republic."

There is nothing which can be cited to disprove the general truth of this statement. The relation between the races is indeed a problem of the utmost importance. But to say that it can be settled at once, or that settlement is obstructed only by the outrageous conduct of the whites, is to show a very imperfect comprehension of the situation. Before embarking in a campaign of which Mr. INGALLS'S speech shall be the key, every well-meaning citizen, not as a Republican or Democrat, but as a man and an American, may profitably consider the honest words that we have quoted.

THE BLAINE GAME.

THE BLAINE game goes on briskly. By this phrase we mean the game of the BLAINE leaders, which is, of course, known to Mr. BLAINE, whether directed by him or not. It has constantly new aspects. Thus it was recently announced, when the health talk was getting a little wearisome, that Mr. BLAINE would announce his willingness to be a candidate. This opened interviews with his particular friends, in which they said substantially that the report was untrue, and that the Convention must decide. It also enabled them to point out the weakness of other candidates, and showed in general that practically whatever he might personally wish, Mr. BLAINE was as much a candidate as ever. Besides this, a very long interview with Mr. PATRICK FORD has been published. This is a carefully prepared BLAINE document, the point of which is that the Irish contingent will vote for Mr. BLAINE, and for no other Republican, and that Mr. BLAINE, and no other Republican, can be elected. This statement seems to be plain enough, and is intended to be read by those who run. As the election of delegates to the Convention is now closing, this interview is the last trump in the BLAINE game for the nomination. Mr. FORD is described as fixing his eye upon the reporter for a minute or more before saying, impressively, "The man does not live who can bring the Republican party to victory in next November if JAMES G. BLAINE does not lead it there." And presently he added: "The nomination of a mugwump favorite would be a humiliation to Mr. BLAINE and an insult to his friends. Is it necessary to point out what the inevitable effect of that would be?" Not at all. Mr. FORD'S meaning is entirely obvious. It is that the BLAINE men would "knife the candidate." They too would mugwump, and Judas-Iscariotize, and Benedict-Arnoldize, and become as wicked as the Providence *Journal*.

It is more convenient, undoubtedly, to have Mr. FORD play this particular trump. But everybody concerned will observe that it has been played. Its meaning is that New York is indispensable to Republican success. Mr. BLAINE with six hundred votes more would have carried it in 1884. He had a large Irish vote. He, and he alone, would have it in larger numbers now. This vote would be dead against any other Republican, and besides the Irish vote, how could the Republican friends of Mr. BLAINE be expected to forgive the insult of nominating somebody else? And all this being so, how is New York to be carried by the Republicans except by Mr. BLAINE? Mr. FORD'S interview is a serious warning to Republicans who are meditating any other nomination to pause in time. If they persist, they cannot plead that they were not told the sure result of their contumacy. There is no doubt that one of the decisive forces in the Republican Convention will be the apprehension, if not the confidence, of the malign action of the BLAINE faction in the event of his failure to receive the nomination. The necessary result of this situation would be that in the event of his nomination and second defeat, the Republican party would practically dissolve and reorganize.

That the better sentiment of the Republican party desires his renomination we do not believe. That the persistence of the BLAINE movement explains the serious changes in the party, and the excommunication by the Rhode Island Republican Convention of the Providence *Journal*, which is the latest sign of disintegration, is unquestionable. A Republican Convention which cheers a man who is publicly alleged, without contradiction, to have bought openly his election solemnly condemns and thrusts from the party the chief newspaper of the State and one of the leading journals in New England because it denounces and exposes fraud and corruption as a wrong against the public welfare and a disgrace to the party. A party which in one of the States does such a thing as this, and which in its National Convention should nominate a Presidential candidate because of the fear that if not nominated his friends would defeat any other candidate, certainly could not survive, under its present organization, a second rejection of that candidate by the people. This is a difficulty which no aggregation of Republican clubs can remedy. The BLAINE doctrine, as expounded by Mr. FORD, is that a Republican nomination which might be acceptable to independent voters of Republican proclivities would be a humiliation in which the especial friends of Mr. BLAINE could not be expected to acquiesce. This is the simplest form of *aut* BLAINE, *aut nullus*.

A BAD RECORD.

THE Democratic party has recently "made a record" in the State of New York of which its more intelligent members cannot be proud, and which does not tend to gain general favor for the party. In the Legislature the opposition to progressive and reasonable temperance legislation and to necessary electoral reform has proceeded from the Democratic party, which has been almost solid in its array against both measures. It is by such measures, however, that the practical ability and general tendency of parties are tested. The saloon has become a monstrous political nuisance as well as a moral pest. It controls caucuses and dictates nominations, and it deals largely in the sale of votes. It is one of the dangerous and demoralizing forces in the commonwealth, and its strict regulation is one of the most pressing of public duties. But in every way the Democratic party in this State has obstructed and interfered, and if nothing should be accomplished, the responsibility will rest wholly with that party. The plea that it is opposed to such legislation as an invasion of private rights, even if it were seriously urged, would be discredited by the notorious fact that the liquor interest is the great ally of the party, and a fatal offence to that interest would be destructive of the party. Democratic opposition to the ballot reform act was as positive and significant as that to the high license bill. The act provides a radical and practicable remedy for fraud at the polls, and belongs to the best kind of legislation. The vote against it was almost solidly Democratic, and tends to confirm the impression that on all remedial and reform questions the Democratic tendency is wrong.

This record is not redeemed by the revelations of the Aqueduct investigation. That leaves the Democratic Governor in a position which every honorable Democrat must deplore. His wretched intrigues for patronage with petty adventurers and the graver implications of the investigation deeply discredit the party which selected him for its especial representative in the State—a representative whom, as Mr. PATRICK FORD naïvely remarks, the Irish voters who warmly supported Mr. BLAINE in 1884 instinctively preferred to Mr. DAVENPORT in 1885. The facts are all the more significant because the Governor, whose character and methods are remorselessly laid bare by the investigation, is the gentleman whose distinctive platform has been the reiteration of the phrase, "I am a Democrat." To the historic mind the more clearly the Governor's conduct is revealed, the more truthful his platform seems to be. His renomination, after the plain disclosure of his quality, would be an approval of him by his party which would make it *particeps*, and certainly not heighten its good repute. If, with the record which the Democratic representatives have made in the Legislature, other Democratic representatives should select Governor HILL as the party standard-bearer in the State, the Democrats, as a party, would be in a ludicrously distressing position, because they have a discretion in the selection of a candidate for the Governorship which they have not in that for the Presidency, and Governor HILL being their real choice, the Democratic drift would be plain enough.

It is a perfectly fair proposition that in a government by parties a party must be judged by its candidates rather than by its professions. In 1884, when the Republicans placed a good reform plank in the platform and then nominated Mr. BLAINE, which

was the significant act, the adoption of the plank, or the nomination of the candidate? By which was it fair to judge the party? In 1885 the Republicans in New York nominated Mr. DAVENPORT. Who remembers the platform? He was supported by voters who had opposed Mr. BLAINE the year before, and supported because of himself, not of the platform. Mr. DAVENPORT was beaten by Republicans who, whatever the platform might be, did not like him as the party representative. Mr. PATRICK FORD'S friends who had voted for Mr. BLAINE in 1884, regardless of the platform, equally regardless of it in 1888, voted against Mr. DAVENPORT. The nomination of Mr. HILL, not the platform which the Convention might adopt, would be the sign of the Democratic drift in New York. It would show that the party record in the Legislature accurately represented the party feeling. It could not be said that the Republicans were no better, because upon the record they have sustained the high license bill and the electoral reform bill. For many reasons it is obvious that, as usual, New York politics will be very interesting this year.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ATLANTA.

WE are glad to know that the effort of Professor BUMSTEAD, of Atlanta University, to raise the $16,000 to replace the $8000 withdrawn from the institution by the State, and to make up the $8000 needed for current expenses, has been largely successful. Eleven thousand dollars have been subscribed by those whose names are a guarantee of the great worthiness of the enterprise, and we hope that the $5000 yet remaining to be raised will be soon obtained.

The University is in its nineteenth year of successful operation, with five hundred students from the primary school to the college course. Its religious training is Christian, but unsectarian. Its industrial training is adapted to the more probable needs and opportunities of the boys and girls. More than two-thirds of its graduates are teaching in Georgia, eleven of them being principals of city schools. Its property consists of sixty acres of land, four large brick buildings, a library of 6000 volumes, apparatus and industrial equipment, all free from debt. Its invested funds are mostly for scholarships, and besides these it has no endowment.

At a meeting in Boston Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, EDWARD E. HALE, HENRY W. FOOTE, GEORGE A. GORDON, and J. F. B. MARSHALL were appointed a committee to further the project of completing the sum required. There is no enterprise of the kind which more richly merits confidence and assistance.

AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE Washington weekly journal called *Public Opinion* is a convenient and copious reflection of the whole press of the country in the form of selected articles upon the chief questions of the hour. The value of such a journal is, of course, the good judgment with which the selections are made. In this instance they are well done, and whoever wishes to know the general movement of public opinion in the different parts of the Union will find it happily summarized in this publication.

The proprietors have recently issued an engraving which will be of especial interest to the readers of such a journal, because it is a gallery of portraits of fifty of the editors of leading papers, whose views, constantly expressed and reiterated, are an important agency in the creation of public opinion. The likenesses, so far as they are known to us, are excellent, and the whole group has a peculiar interest, introducing to each other gentlemen who have sometimes a very intimate acquaintance in their editorial articles, but who are personally entire strangers. There will be some surprise in studying the picture of a sometime opponent or ally, because the actual does not always correspond to the mental portrait. It is a very interesting portrait gallery.

FRANCE AND THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

A VERY valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the civil war has been just made by Mr. JOHN BIGELOW, formerly Consul-General in Paris, and subsequently Minister to France, and whose book, just issued by the HARPERS, is a chapter of his personal knowledge of most important affairs. In September, 1863, a Frenchman called at the Consulate in Paris and furnished Mr. BIGELOW with the astounding information, supported by documentary evidence, that the French Imperial Government had authorized the construction, at Bordeaux and Nantes, of iron-clads and other vessels of war more formidable than any then afloat. Mr. BIGELOW thinks, and not without good reason, that had these ships reached the United States, the result of the war might have been different. We had no ships and no defences capable of withstanding them, and our great cities might easily have been held at their mercy.

The story is told with continuous and graphic interest by Mr. BIGELOW. The special authorization to build the ships had been given under the pretext that they were destined for other governments and for commerce in the China seas. But our legation pressed the subject upon the imperial government so strongly, and so plainly intimated war as the alternative of refusal to interfere, that at length the order was issued that the cruisers must be sold to some government not at war, and would not be allowed to sail until the transaction was honestly effected. But one of the ships succeeded in escaping, under plea of a sale to Denmark, and after coaling and arming, she proceeded to Ferrol, in Spain, for repairs. To the remonstrances of Mr. DAYTON, our then Minister, and Mr. BIGELOW, the French government replied that the ship, the *Stonewall*, had been honestly sold to Denmark, and that France was released from responsibility. Two of our ships of war went to Ferrol for observation. But they saw that the *Stonewall* could easily destroy them both. The commander was court-martialed, but Secretary WELLES set aside the decision. The *Stonewall* would probably have crossed the ocean and engaged in a general ravage of our coast except for the fortunate end of the war in the surrender of LEE.

Incidentally the singular incapacity of SLIDELL and MASON, the Confederate emissaries, is displayed in the narrative. But chiefly the hostility of LOUIS NAPOLEON is made more evident than ever before. His designs upon Mexico to save his throne by maintaining his prestige required the success of the Confederacy. "It was fear of us," says Mr. BIGELOW, "not respect for his obligations, either as a neutral or a friend, which made him abandon ARMAN and his associates. His course toward us from the beginning to the end of this plot was deliberately and systematically treacherous, and his Ministers allowed themselves to be made his pliant instruments." It is a chapter of our history which is almost wholly new, and of surpassing interest.

REFORM NOTES FROM THE WEST.

THE Iowa Democratic Convention recently made an uncommonly good deliverance upon the question of reform in the civil service. The resolution in the platform was this:

"In appointments to all offices the duties of which may reflect the policies of the administration, persons should be selected whose principles harmonize with the party having the responsibilities of such administration. But subordinates should be selected and retained for their efficiency. Levying assessments upon officeholders for partisan purposes cannot be too strongly condemned, and we commend in the fullest extent every effort which President CLEVELAND has made in the direction of the reform and elevation of the civil service."

Mr. J. C. COOK, the temporary chairman of the Convention, vigorously arraigned the Republican party for its partisan prostitution of the service during its long ascendency, and said that it was but natural that "the active element in the Democratic party" should wish to retaliate. But, he said:

"CLEVELAND, as President, while falling short of accomplishing the full measure of the reform that is demanded in this matter, has accomplished all that could reasonably be done in the time allotted. The civil service of this government will not be what it should and can be made until all the clerical and non-political offices are filled without regard to party affiliation, and on consideration of merit alone. President CLEVELAND has not been able to accomplish all this. But his administration represents a turn in the public service, and marks the beginning of a great reform that is sure to be wrought out by the people in time."

We learn that Mr. COOK'S remarks friendly to reform were received with general applause, and that no Bourbon sneer was heard. Mr. LEHMANN, of Des Moines, who was unanimously elected as delegate at large to the St. Louis Convention, and who will be the Iowa member of the Committee on Resolutions, warmly supported the resolution. The note of reform in the resolution and in Mr. COOK'S speech was genuine. In the Wisconsin State Convention also the subject received long and especial attention. Here also the course of the Republicans was severely reviewed by Mr. DODGE, the temporary chairman. "The Republican organization of the State," he said, "consisted of the office-holders," and he proceeded to show how absolute was the tyranny of the office-holding machine. This he contrasted with the Convention that he addressed, in which scarcely a single delegate was an office-holder. Much is yet to be done undoubtedly, he thought, but much also had been accomplished by Mr. CLEVELAND. This is an excellent sign of life, and if it had been the general Democratic feeling, the President would have been encouraged to hold fast.

Meanwhile from St. Paul, in Minnesota, the Hon. C. C. ANDREWS, late of the diplomatic service—a Republican whose little pamphlet urging the party, as President WHITE in New York urged it, to make reform a chief issue of the campaign, we noticed with pleasure last autumn—proposes a bill which illustrates a feeling which is rapidly extending, and which shows the vitality of the reform movement. Mr. ANDREWS'S draft proposes:

"That from and after the passage of this act appointments of assistant treasurers, mint and assay officers, customs and revenue officers, consular officers, district attorneys, marshals, postmasters, Indian inspectors and agents, registers and receivers of land offices, surveyors-general, and supervising inspectors of steam-boats, shall be made solely with reference to fitness, and not on account of adherence to any political party, yet so as to distribute appointments with reasonable fairness among the several States; and officers so selected and appointed after the passage of this act shall not be removed except for cause, which in each case shall be duly reported to Congress."

PRESIDENT BARNARD'S RESIGNATION.

THE resignation of President BARNARD, of Columbia College, is an event of great importance to this community, for it removes from active professional life here one of the most accomplished teachers in the country. Unlike most presidents of our large colleges, Dr. BARNARD'S scholastic tastes are especially scientific, but his grasp and catholicity and mental vigilance have left him in full accord with the progressive movement of education. His official reports to the Board of Trustees and his occasional discourses before the Regents of the University have been marked by great generosity of view, and show that neither his mind nor his sympathy has lagged behind the age or felt any harmful touch of time.

Dr. BARNARD has been for nearly a quarter of a century the head of Columbia College. During his term the college has completed its first century under its present name, which is contemporary with the Constitution of the United States, and it has greatly multiplied its activities and extended its scope. The present spirit of the college is broader than ever before. It feels the impulses of a university, and there are those among its sons who are resolved that it shall be presently developed into an institution of importance commensurate with the great city.

That much of this impulse is due to President BARNARD will not be denied. He is a modern scholar, not a pedant, nor a recluse, nor a pedagogue. Had he been a mere ecclesiastic, a mere old-fashioned theologian, or a well-lettered man without the enthusiasm and the lofty ambition of a true teacher, he might have guided Columbia along a placid way, respectable, dull, and unmarked. But under his presidency it has taken rank with the highest institutions. The loyal pride of its sons has flamed higher than before. Its command of opportunities and its wise use of them have aided the good work; and as the President retires amid universal respect and good wishes, he has the happy consciousness that he leaves in the college itself a signal memorial of his long and honorable and effective service.

A MEMORIAL OF THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

A MOVEMENT for the erection of a memorial medallion and tablet to the late Mrs. CRAIK, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman, A Noble Life*, and other familiar and delightful works, has been begun in England by a large number of the most distinguished authors and others, who desire in this way to attest their great admiration for a distinguished author and most estimable woman. It is proposed that the marble medallion shall be placed in Tewkesbury Abbey, for that town was the home of John Halifax, and it was the last place visited by Mrs. CRAIK before her death.

The charm of her stories is so pure and simple, and her hold of the popular heart so close and elevating, in a time when story-telling has been so often of an unhappy influence and so unjust to noble ideals, her works have been so healthful and sound without priggishness or Phariseeism, that the spontaneity of the proposed tribute is most significant and most pleasant.

Mrs. CRAIK'S audience in this country was very large and truly appreciative, and there must be many a reader to whose condition she has spoken with hope and good cheer who would gladly contribute to this memorial of respect and affection. Among the members of the committee is Mr. JOSEPH W. HARPER, New York, to whom any such contribution may be sent.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILL CARLETON has returned to his home in Brooklyn after a winter spent in Italy, during which he travelled over the greater part of that country, writing meanwhile descriptive letters for various American newspapers. He gave his first readings of original poems since his return at Toronto, on the 10th and 11th, to large audiences.

—SUDBURY'S old tavern, made famous in LONGFELLOW'S "Tales of a Way-side Inn," dating back two hundred years and more, has been sold at auction for the worth of its old timbers.

—Southern admirers are to spend $15,000 in erecting a monument over the grave of Poet SIDNEY LANIER.

—General W. T. SHERMAN is quoted by a Western newspaper as saying the late war demonstrated that city boys could stand more fatigue and hardship and marching than country boys could. The irregularity of army life weakened the farmer lads, who were uniformly used to regular living.

—The failure of California's great merchant, WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, brings an eventful career into prominence. Mr. COLEMAN is a Southerner, but during the war he was a resolute Union man, and he figured bravely in helping put down the draft riots in New York. When the war ended he devoted himself earnestly to relieving the necessities of the South's prostrate people. He went to the Far West when a mere boy, and the famous Vigilantes of California had him for a leader. In the financial troubles that have now overwhelmed him he has everywhere the sympathy of men who have known the abundant good that has figured in his career.

—Prosperity attends the popular CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who, out of the abundant good things that fortune bestows, has just paid $125,000 for a New York residence to his taste.

—The Rev. Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT has been chosen the permanent successor of HENRY WARD BEECHER as pastor of Plymouth Church. Dr. ABBOTT as temporary successor kept the church pews filled. He is a clear, forcible talker, a deep thinker, and gifted with a geniality that assures life in the church's fellowship.

—Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, is to invest a good many thousand dollars in a monumental statue of General GRANT.

—The Western Association of Writers, of which MAURICE THOMPSON is president, holds its annual convention at Indianapolis next month. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY and General LEW WALLACE are among the notables who will participate.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE and RUDOLPH KEPLER are among the recently elected directors of New York's Cremation Society. Since the organization of the society, three years ago, 186 bodies have been incinerated here, 129 males and 57 females. Interested people declare that cremation is gaining ground, and this New York society has now begun to pay its expenses.

—Though none but those who knew him best suspected it, one of the chief prides of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S life was his recollection of superiority in the boyish sports of his school days.

—Evelyn College, Princeton's branch for young women, is to be incorporated and pushed aggressively to success. Dr. PATTON, Princeton's new president, says the experiment promises much that is good.

—Paris is to attempt stage magnificence with *King Lear* during next year's exhibition, and LOUIS FRECHETTE, Canada's poet, has been commissioned to turn SHAKESPEARE'S words into dramatic French.

—Maine Sunday-school scholars have been raising purses to gladden the old age of the Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, whose books for boys and girls have made so many young hearts happy. The fund raised for the rare old man has developed into goodly proportions, and it has come to him as a great surprise, relieving pressing misfortunes.

—Free speech in Ireland shows its strength by bringing about the sentence of Editor WILLIAM O'BRIEN to three months' imprisonment for advising Irishmen to join the League.

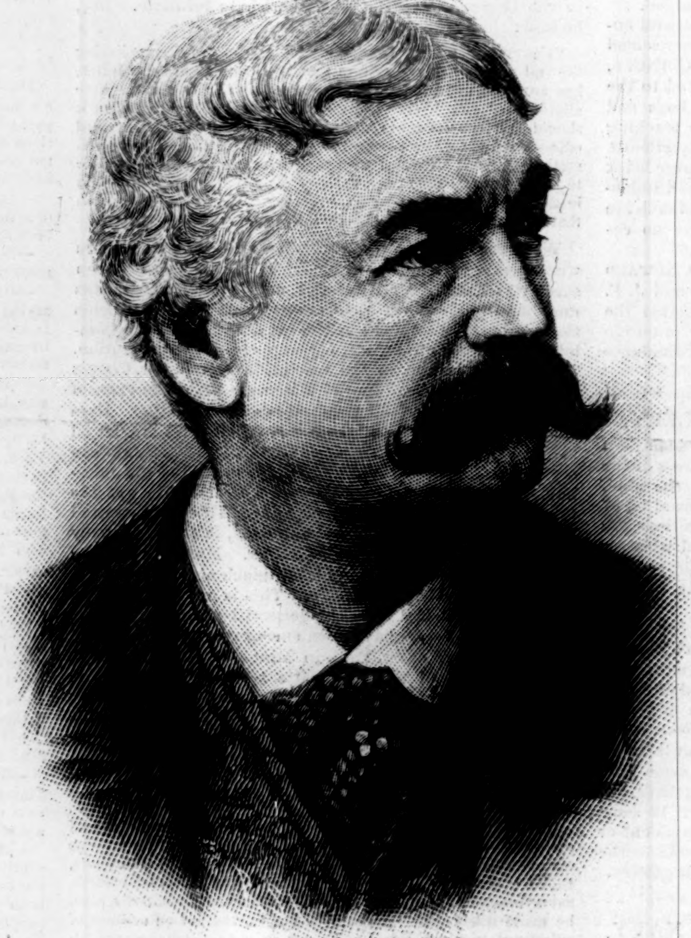
—Mr. C. D. MOSHER, a photographer, of Chicago, is engaged in a unique and interesting work. For the past thirteen years he has collected photographs of prominent men and women of America and Europe, with the object of giving to posterity a complete gallery of distinguished personages of the present age. Already he has accumulated about eight thousand pictures, but he calculates on adding some two thousand more before the collection will be complete. These photographs, accompanied by brief biographical sketches, and the autograph signatures where obtainable, are to be sealed up in a memorial safe, deeded over to Chicago, and deposited in the City Hall vaults, where space has already been provided, until the second centennial of the United States, in 1976, when the Mayor of Chicago is to appoint three Commissioners who are to confer with the Centennial Committee relative to placing these then historical likenesses in a memorial art gallery for the inspection of future generations. It is intended that a complete register be kept at the Recorder's office, and Mr. MOSHER will provide that reference can be made to the pictures themselves on important occasions.

"HUGH TREVOR," IN *ALL FOR HER.*

"CHARLES MARLOW," IN *SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.*

"HUGH CHALCOTE," IN *OURS.*

"DON FELIX," IN *THE WONDER.*



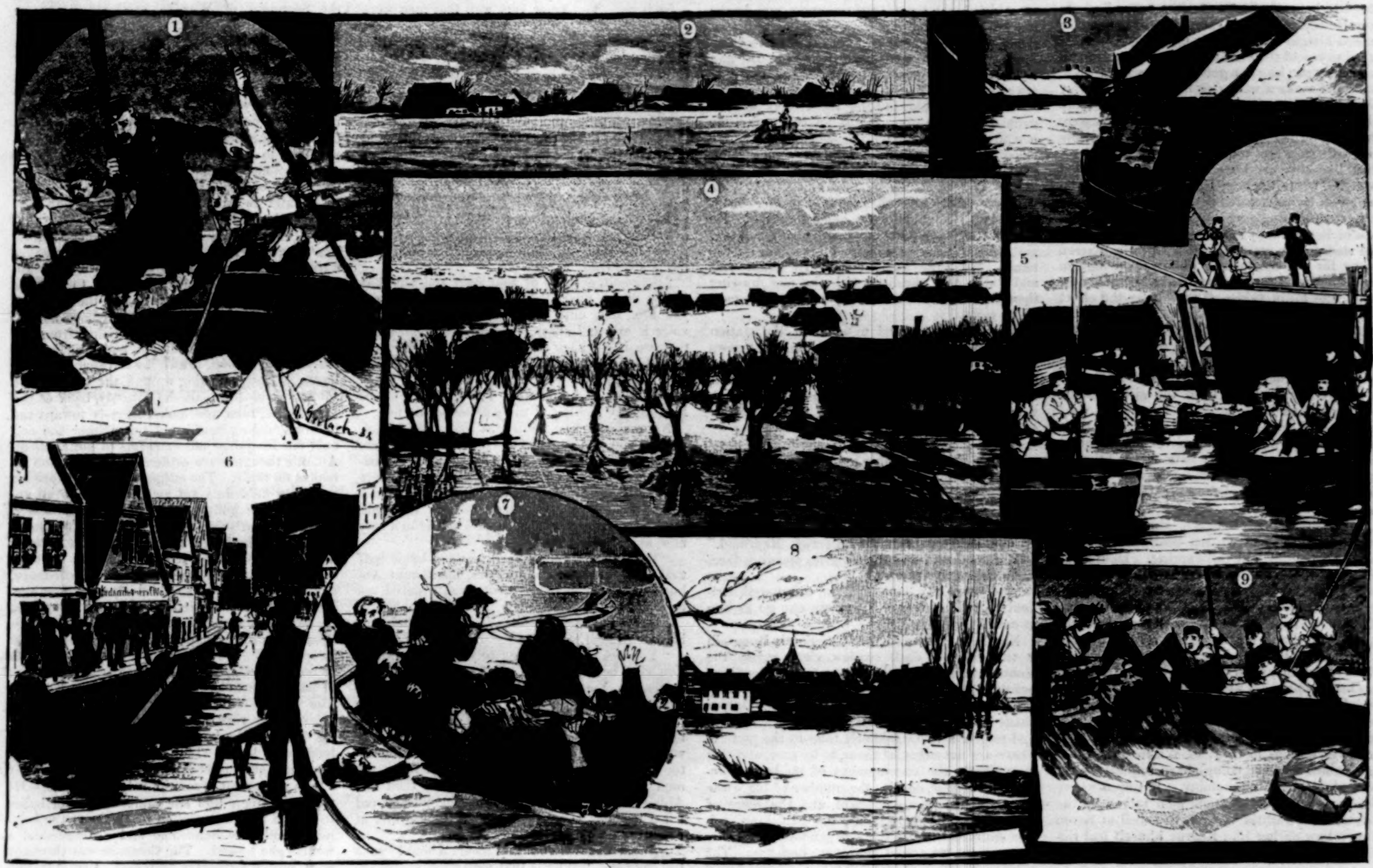
"ADONIS EVERGREEN," IN *MY AWFUL DAD.*

"ELIOT GREY," IN *ROSEDALE.*

"JOHN GARTH," IN *JOHN GARTH.*

"LEON DEL MAR," IN THE *VETERAN.*

LESTER WALLACK AND HIS MOST CELEBRATED IMPERSONATIONS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY AND PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]



1. BATTLING WITH THE ICE. 2. VIEW IN DARCHAU. 3. A STREET INUNDATED. 4. NORTHWESTERN PART OF ELBING UNDER WATER. 5. PIONEER CORPS REPAIRING A BRIDGE. 6. STREET SCENE IN POSEN. 7. ABOUT TO SINK. 8. HITZACKER. 9. THE WORK OF RESCUE NEAR MARIENBURG.

PIONEERS RESCUING THE INHABITANTS OF THE VILLAGE OF DARCHAU, IN THE PROVINCE OF HANOVER.

THE FLOODS IN NORTHERN GERMANY.—[See Page 359.]

A WAR-TIME WOOING.

(*Continued from front page.*)

lighted to hear of him "under the colors," where every Union-loving man should be—where, as he recalled him, he knew Abbot must be, for he belonged to one of the oldest and best families in all Massachusetts; he was a gentleman born and bred, and would make a name for himself in this war. Guthrie only wished there were some of that stamp in his own regiment, but he feared that there were few who had the stuff of which the Abbots were made—there were too many ward politicians. "But I've cast my lot with it, and shall see it through," wrote Guthrie. Poor fellow! poor father! poor loving-hearted Bessie! The first volley from the crouching gray ranks in those dim woods back of Seven Pines sent the ward politicians in mad rush to the rear, and when Guthrie Warren sprang for the colors, and waved them high in air, and shouted for the men to rally and follow him, it was all in vain—all as vain as the effort to stop the firing made by the chivalric Virginia colonel, who leaped forward, with a few daring men at his back, to capture the resolute Yankee and his precious flag. They got them; but the life-blood was welling from the hero's breast as they raised him gently from the silken folds. The Virginians knew a brave man when they saw one, and they carried him tenderly into their lines and wrote his last messages, and that night they sent the honored body back to his brigade, and so the stricken father found and brought home all that was left of the gallant boy in whom his hopes were centred.

For a time Bessie's letters languished after this, though she had written nearly every week during the winter and early spring. Lieutenant Abbot, on the other hand, appeared to redouble his deep interest. His letters were full of sympathy—of a tenderness that seemed to be with difficulty repressed. She read these to her mourning father—they were so full of sorrow for the bitter loss that had befallen them, so rich with soldierly sentiment and with appreciation of Guthrie's heroic character and death, so welcome with reminiscence of him. Not that he and Abbot had met on the Peninsula—it was the unhappy lot of the Massachusetts —th to be held with McDowell's corps in front of Washington while their comrades were doing sharp soldierly work down along the Chickahominy. But even where they were, said these letters, men talked by the hour of how Guthrie Warren had died at Seven Pines—how daring Phil Kearny himself had ridden up and held forth

"The one hand still left,"

and asked him his name just before the final advance on the thicket. One letter contained a copy of some soldierly verses her Massachusett's correspondent had written—"Warren's Death at Seven Pines"—in which he placed him peer with Warren who fell at Bunker Hill. The verses thrilled through her heart and soul and brought a storm of tears—tears of mingled pride and love and hopeless sorrow from her aging father's eyes. No wonder she soon began to write more frequently. These letters from Virginia were the greatest joy her father had, she told herself, and though she wrote through a mist that blurred the page, she soon grew conscious of a strange, shy sense of comfort, of a thrilling little spring of glad emotion, of tender, shrinking, sensitive delight, and by the time the hot summer was waning and August was at hand, this unseen soldier, who had only shared her thoughts before, took complete and utter control. Why tell the old, old story in its every stage? It was with a new, wild fear at heart she heard of Stonewall Jackson's leap for the Rapidan, of the grapple at Cedar Mountain, where the Massachusetts men fought sternly and met with cruel loss. Her father raged with anxiety when the news came of the withdrawal from the Peninsula, the triumphant rush of Lee and Longstreet on Jackson's trail, of the ill-starred but heroic struggle made by Pope along the banks of Bull Run. A few days and nights of dread suspense, and then came tidings that Lee was across the Potomac and McClellan marching to meet him. Two more letters reached her from the marching —th Massachusetts, and a telegram from Washington telling her where to write, and saying, "All well so far as I am concerned," at which the doctor shook his head—it sounded so selfish at such a time; it grated on his patriotic ear, and it wasn't such as he thought an Abbot ought to telegraph. But then he was hurried; they probably only let him fall out of the ranks a moment as they marched through Washington. And then the newspapers began to teem with details of the fierce battles of the last three days of August, and he forgave him, and fathomed the secret in his daughter's breast as she stood breathing very quickly, her cheek flushing, her eyes filling, and listening while he read how Lieutenant Abbot had led the charge of the —th Massachusetts and seized the battle-flag of one of Starke's brigades at that bristling parapet—the old, unfinished railway grade to the north of Groveton. Neither father nor daughter uttered a word upon the subject. The old man simply opened his arms and took her to his heart, where, overcome with emotion, mingling pride and grief and anxiety and tender, budding love, she burst into tears and hid her burning face.

Then came the news of fierce fighting at South Mountain, where the —th Massachusetts was prominent; then of the battle at Antietam, where twice it charged through that fearful stretch of corn-field, and had but a handful left to guard the riddled colors when nightfall came, and then—silence and suspense. No letters, no news—nothing. Her white, wan face and pleading eyes were too much for the father to see. Though no formal offer of marriage had been made, though the word "love" had hardly been written in those glowing letters, he reasoned rightly that love alone could prompt a man to write day after day in all the excitements and vicissitudes of stirring campaign. As for the rest—was he not an Abbot? Did not Guthrie know and honor him? Was he not a gallant officer as well as a thorough-bred gentleman? No time for wooing now! That would come with peace. He had even given his consent when she blushingly asked him if she might— "Well, *there!* read it yourself," she said, putting the closely written page into his hands. It was an eager plea for her picture—and the photograph was sent. He chose the one himself, a dainty "vignette" on card, for it reminded him of the mother who was gone. It was fitting, he told himself, that his daughter—her sainted mother's image, Guthrie's sister—should love a gallant soldier. He gloried in the accounts of Paul Abbot's bravery, and longed to meet him and take him by the hand. The time would come. He could wait and watch over the little girl who was drawing them together. He asked no questions. It would all be right.

And now they stood together at the station waiting for the evening cars and the latest news from the front. It lacked but a few minutes of train-time when, with sad and sympathetic face, the station-agent approached, a fateful brown envelop in his hand. The doctor turned quickly at his daughter's gasping exclamation,

"*Papa!* Mr. Hardy has a telegram!"

Despite every effort his hand and lip trembled violently as he took it and tore it open. It was brief enough—an answer to his repeated despatches to the War Department.

"Lieutenant Paul R. Abbot, dangerously wounded, is at field hospital near Frederick, Maryland."

The doctor turned to her pale, pleading face, tears welling in his eyes.

"Be brave, my little girl," he murmured, brokenly. "He is wounded, but we can go to him at once."

Nearly sunset again, and the South Mountain is throwing its dark shadow clear across the Monocacy. The day has been warm, cloudless, beautiful, and, now that evening is approaching, the sentries begin to saunter out from the deeper shade that has lured them during the afternoon and to give a more soldierly tone to the picture. There are not many of them, to be sure, and this is evidently the encampment of no large command of troops, despite the number of big white tents pitched in the orchard, and the score of white-topped army wagons, the half-dozen yellow ambulances, and the scraggy lot of mules in the pasture lot across the dusty highway. The stream is close at hand, only a stone's-throw from the picturesque old farm-house, and the animated talk among the groups of bathers has that peculiarly blasphemous flavor which seems inseparable from the average teamster. That the camp is under military tutelage is apparent from the fact that a tall young man in the loose, ill-fitting blue fatigue dress of our volunteers, with war-worn belts and a business-like look to the long "Springfield" over his shoulder, comes striding down to the bank and shouts forthwith,

"You fellows are making too much noise there, and the doctor wants you to dry up."

"Tell him to send us some towels, then," growls one of the number, a black-browed, surly-looking fellow with ponderous, bent shoulders and a slouching mien. Some of his companions titter encouragingly, others are silent. The sergeant of the guard flushes angrily and turns on the speaker.

"You know very well what I mean, Rix. I'm using your own slang in speaking to you because you wouldn't comprehend decent language. It isn't the first time you've been warned not to make such a row here close to a lot of wounded and dying men. Now I mean business. Quit it, or you'll get into trouble."

"What authority have *you* got, I'd like to know?" is the sneering rejoinder. "You're nothing but a hospital guard, and have no business interfering with us. I ain't under no doctor's orders. You go back to your stiffs, and leave live men alone."

The sergeant is about to speak, when the bathers, glancing up at the bank, see him suddenly face to his left and raise his hand to his shouldered rifle in salute. The next instant a tall young officer, leaning heavily on a cane and with his sword-arm in a sling, appears at the sergeant's side.

"Who is the man who questions your authority?" he asks, in a voice singularly calm and deliberate.

There is a moment's awkward silence. The sergeant has the reluctance of his class to getting a fellow-soldier into a scrape. The half-dressed bathers stand uncomfortably about the shore and look blankly from one to another. The man addressed as Rix is busily occupied in pulling on a pair of soldier brogans, and tying, with great deliberation, the leather strings.

Casting his clear eyes over the group, as he steps forward to the edge, the young officer speaks again:

"You're here, are you, Rix. That leaves little doubt as to the man, even if I were not sure of the voice. I could hear your brutal swearing, sir, loud over the prayers the chaplain was saying for the dead. Have you no sense of decency at all?"

"How'n hell did I know there was any prayin' going on?" muttered Rix, bending his scowling brows down over his shoes and tugging savagely at the string.

"What was that remark, Rix?" asks the lieutenant, his grasp tightening on the stick.

No answer.

"Rix, drop that shoestring; stand attention, and look at me," says the officer, very quietly, but with setting teeth that no man fails to note. Rix slowly and sullenly obeys

"What was the remark you made just now?" is again the question.

"I said I didn't know they were praying," growls Rix, finding he has to face the music.

"That sounds very little like your words, but—let it go. You knew very well that men were dying here right within earshot when you were making the air blue with blasphemy, and when better men were reverently silent. It is the third time you have been reprimanded in a week. I shall see to it that you are sent back to your company forthwith."

"Not while Lieutenant Hollins is quartermaster you won't," is the insubordinate reply, and even the teamsters look scared as they glance from the scowling, hanging face of Rix to the clear-cut features of the officer, and mark the change that sweeps over the latter. His eyes seem to flash fire, and his pallid face—thin with suffering and loss of blood—flushes despite his physical weakness. His handsome mouth sets like a steel-trap.

"Sergeant, get two of your men and put that fellow under guard," he orders. "Stay where you are, Rix, until they come for you." His voice is low and stern; he does not condescend to raise it for such occasion, though there is a something about it that tells the soldier ear it can ring with command where ring is needed.

"I'd like to know what I've done," mutters Rix, angrily kicking at the pebbles at his feet.

No answer. The lieutenant has walked back a pace, and has seated himself on a little bench. Another officer—a gray-haired and distinguished-looking man, with silver eagles on his shoulders—is rapidly nearing him, and reaches the bank just in time to catch the next words. He could have heard them farther back, for Rix is in a fury now, and shouts aloud:

"If you knew your own interests—knew half that I know about your affairs, Lieutenant Abbot—you'd think twice before you ordered me under arrest."

The lieutenant half starts from the bench, but his self-control is strong.

"You are simply adding to your insubordination, sir," he says, coldly. "Take your prisoner, sergeant. You men are all witnesses to this language."

And muttering much to himself, Teamster Rix is marched slowly away, leaving an audience somewhat mystified. The colonel stands looking after him with a puzzled and astonished face; the men begin slowly to edge away, and then Mr. Abbot wearily rises and—again he flushes red when he finds his superior officer facing him at not three paces distance.

"What on earth does that mean, Abbot?" asks the colonel. "Who is that man?"

"One of the regimental teamsters, sir. He came here with the wounded, and there appears to have been no opportunity of sending him back now that the regiment is over in the Shenandoah. At all events, he has been allowed to loaf around here for some time, and you probably heard him swearing."

"I did; that's what brought me out of the house. But what does he mean by threatening you?"

"I have no idea, sir; or, rather, I have an idea, but the matter is of no consequence whatever, and only characteristic of the man. He is a scoundrel, I suspect, and I wonder that Hollins has kept him so long."

"Do you know that Hollins hasn't turned up yet?"

"So I heard this morning, colonel, and yet you saw him the night of the battle, did you not?"

"Not the night after, but the night before. We left him with the wagons when we marched to the ford. I was knocked off my horse about one in the afternoon, just north of the cornfield, and they got me back to the wagons with this left shoulder all out of shape—collar-bone broken; and he wasn't there then, and hadn't been seen since daybreak. Somebody said he was so cut up when you were hit at the Gap. I didn't know you were such friends."

"Well, we've known each other a long time—were together at Harvard, and moved in the same set; but there was never any intimacy, colonel."

"I see, I see," says the older officer, reflectively. "He was a stranger to me when I joined the regiment and found him quartermaster. He was Colonel Raymond's choice, and you know that in succeeding to his place I preferred to make no changes. But I say to you now that I wish I had. Hollins has failed to come up to the standard as a campaign quartermaster, and the men have suffered through his neglect more than once. Then he staid behind when we marched through Washington—a thing he never satisfactorily explained to me—and I had serious thoughts of relieving him at Frederick and appointing you to act in his stead. Now the fortune of war has settled both questions. Hollins is missing, and you are a captain, or will be within the month. Have you heard from Wendell?"

"His arm is gone, sir; amputated above the elbow; and he has decided to resign. Foster commands the company, but I shall go forward just as soon as the doctor will let me."

"We'll go together. He says I can stand the ride in ten days or two weeks, but neither of your wounds has healed yet. How's the leg? That must have been a narrow squeak."

"No bones were touched, sir. It was only that I lost so much blood from the two. It was the major who reported me to you as dangerously wounded, was it not?"

"Yes; but when he left you there seemed to be very little chance. You were senseless and exhausted, and with two rifle bullets through you, what was to be expected? He couldn't tell that they happened to graze no artery, and the surgeon was too busy elsewhere."

"It gave them a scare at home," said Abbot, smiling; "and my father and sister were on the point of starting for Washington when I managed to send word to them that the wounds were slight. I want to get back to the regiment before they find out that they were comparatively serious, because the family will be importuning the Secretary of War to send me home on leave."

"And any man of your age, with such a home, and a sweetheart, ought to be eager to go. Why not go, Abbot? There will be no more fighting for months now; McClellan has let them slip. You could have a fortnight in Boston as well as not, and wear your captain's bars for the first time. I fancy I know how proud Miss Winthrop would be to sew them on for you."

The colonel is leaning against the trunk of a spreading oak-tree as he speaks. The sun is down, and twilight closing around them. Mr. Abbot, who had somewhat wearily reseated himself on the rude wooden bench a moment before, has turned gradually away from the speaker during these words, and is gazing down the beautiful valley. Lights are beginning to twinkle here and there in the distance, and the gleam of one or two tiny fires tells of other camps not far away. A dim mist of dust is rising from the high-road close to the stream, and a quaint old Maryland cabriolet, drawn by a venerable gray horse, is slowly coming around the bend. The soldiers grouped about the gateway, back at the farm-house, turn and look curiously toward the hollow-sounding hoof-beats, but neither the colonel nor his junior officer seems to notice them. Abbot's thoughts are evidently far away, and he makes no reply. The surgeon who sanctions his return to field duty yet awhile would, to all appearances, be guilty of a professional blunder. The lieutenant's face is pale and thin; his hand looks very fragile and fearfully white in contrast with the bronze of his cheek. He leans his head upon his hand as he gazes away into the distance, and the colonel stands attentively regarding him. He recalls the young fellow's gallant and spirited conduct at Manassas and South Mountain; his devotion to his soldier duty since the day he first "reported." If ever an officer deserved a month at home, in which to recuperate from the shock of painful wounds, surely that officer was Abbot. The colonel well knows with what pride and blessing his revered old father would welcome his coming—the joy it would bring to the household at his home. It is an open secret, too, that he is engaged to Genevieve Winthrop, and surely a man must want to see the lady of his love. He well remembers how she came with other ladies to attend the presentation of colors to the regiment, and how handsome and distinguished a woman she looked. The Common was thronged with Boston's "oldest and best" that day, and Colonel Raymond's speech of acceptance made eloquent reference to the fact that of all the grand old names that had been prominent in the colonial history of the commonwealth not one was absent from the muster-roll of the regiment it was his high honor to command. The Abbots and Winthrops had a history coeval with that of the colony, and were long and intimately acquainted. When, therefore, it was rumored that Genevieve Winthrop was to marry Paul Abbot "as soon as the war was over," people simply took it as a matter of course—they had been engaged ever since they were trundled side by side in the primitive baby-carriages of the earliest forties. This reflection leads the colonel to the realization of the fact that they must be very much of an age. Indeed, had he not heard it whispered that Miss Winthrop was the senior by nearly a year? Abbot looked young, almost boyish, when he was first commissioned in May of '61, but he had aged rapidly, and was greatly changed. He had not shaved since June, and a beard of four months' growth had covered his face. There are lines in his forehead, too, that one could not detect a year before. Why should not the young fellow have a few weeks' leave, thinks the colonel. The regiment is now in camp over beyond Harper's Ferry, greatly diminished in numbers and waiting for its promised recruits. It is evident that McClellan has no intention of attacking Lee again; he is content with having persuaded him to retire from Maryland. Nothing will be so apt to build up the strength and spirits of the new captain as to send him home to be lionized and petted as he deserves to be. Doubtless all the languor and sadness the colonel has noted in him of late is but the outward and visible sign of a longing for home which he is ashamed to confess.

"Abbot," he says again, suddenly and abruptly, "I'm going back to Frederick this evening, as soon as the medical director is ready, and I'm going to get him to give you a certificate on which to base application for a month's leave. Don't say no. I understand your scruples, but go you shall. You richly deserve it, and will be all the better for it. Now your people won't have to be importuning the War Department; the leave shall come from this end of the line."

The lieutenant seems about to turn again as though to thank his commander, when there comes an interruption—the voice of the sergeant of the guard close at hand. He holds forth a card, salutes, and says:

"A gentleman inquiring for Colonel Putnam."

And the gentleman is but a step or two behind—an aging man with silvery hair and beard, with lines of sorrow in his refined and scholarly face, and fatigue and anxiety easily discernible in his bent figure—a gentleman evidently, and the colonel turns courteously to greet him.

"Dr. Warren!" he says, interrogatively, as he holds forth his hand.

"Yes, colonel. They told me you were about going back to Frederick, and I desired to see you at once. I am greatly interested in a young officer of your regiment who is here, wounded; he is a college friend of my only son's, sir—Guthrie Warren, killed at Seven Pines." The colonel lifts his forage cap with one hand while the other more tightly clasps that of the older man. "I hear that the reports were exaggerated, and that

he is able to be about. It is Lieutenant Abbot."

"Judge for yourself, doctor," is the smiling reply. "Here he sits."

With an eager light in his eyes the old gentleman steps forward toward Abbot, who is slowly rising from the bench. He, too, courteously raises his forage cap. In a moment both the doctor's hands have clasped the thin white hand that leans so heavily on the stick.

"My dear young friend!" he says. "My gallant boy! Thank God it is not what we feared!" and his eyes are filling, his lip is trembling painfully.

"You are very kind, sir," says Abbot, vaguely; "I am doing quite well." Then he pauses. There is such yearning and—something he cannot fathom in the old man's face. He feels that he is expected to say still more—that this is not the welcome looked for. "I beg a thousand pardons, sir, perhaps I did not catch the name aright. Did you say Dr. Warren?"

"Certainly, B—Guthrie Warren's father—you remember?" and the look in the sad old eyes is one of strange perplexity. "I cannot thank you half enough for all you have written of my boy."

And still there is no sign of recognition in Abbot's face. He is courteous, sympathetic, but it is all too evident that there is something grievously lacking.

"I fear there is some mistake," he gently says. "I have no recollection of knowing or writing of any one of that name."

"Mistake! Good God! How can there be?" is the gasping response. The tired old eyes are ablaze with grief, bewilderment, and dread commingled. "Surely this is Lieutenant Paul Revere Abbot, of the —th Massachusetts?"

"It certainly is, doctor, but—"

"It surely is your photograph we have: surely you wrote to—to us all this last year—letter after letter—about my boy—my Guthrie."

There is an instant of silence that is almost agonizing. The colonel stands like one in a state of shock. The old doctor, trembling from head to foot, looks with almost piteous entreaty; with anguish and incredulity, and half-awakened wrath, into the pale and distressed features of the young soldier.

"I bitterly grieve to have to tell you, sir," is the sorrowful answer, "but I know no such name. I have written no such letters."

Another instant, and the old man has dropped heavily upon the bench, and buried his face in his arms. But for the colonel, he might have fallen prone to earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LESTER WALLACK.

Nearly forty-one years ago Lester Wallack made his first appearance on the New York stage, in the guise of Sir Charles Coldstream in Charles Mathews's clever adaptation of *L'Homme Blasé*. "There's nothing in it," is this languid hero's commentary on human life. For forty-one years Lester Wallack has been vigorously at work proving the contrary. He has found plenty to live for, and no man now in the public mind has been the cause of more enjoyment to others. It has lately been discovered that Mr. Wallack is an old man. Perhaps if he had not retired from the cares of theatre management this discovery would not have been made. We all used to think he had found the secret of perennial youth. Fifteen years ago it would have been heresy to say that Lester Wallack was growing old. No one then, except Mr. Wallack himself, realized that the *jeune premier* of the forties and fifties had not been left untouched in the flight of time. Those were the days when he was industriously looking for a successor. A successor, alas! where shall we find one now? He seemed to give up the hunt hopelessly, after a great deal of unrequited perseverance, and to apply himself with renewed zeal and unfailing youth to his old tasks and to new ones. How all the candidates, Robinson, Wyndham, Montague, and the others (good actors all of them, and some of them fine actors), failed to stand the test of comparison! How Lester Wallack outshone them all, at the age of fifty odd, in the simple essential of juvenility! His buoyancy they could not counterfeit, and in contrast with his romantic fervor their sentiment became mere sentimentality.

Sentimentality! Only a few years before, that word had been applied to the acting of Lester Wallack. While the memory of Richings and the elder Wallack was still fresh it was the fashion to modify one's praise of Lester's graceful acting in comedy and the romantic drama. After he had reached the seriousness of middle life (off the stage), it was still quite the custom to speak of Mr. Wallack as a spoiled boy whose head was turned by flattery, who would never be the actor his honored father was until he conquered his vanity. And all the while, by the practice of his art, he was teaching his generation to pity the taste and deride the actors of comedy of the generation to come. All the while he was preserving the fine symbolism, the rich traditions, of the old comedies, giving new life to their humor, putting the ardor of his own nature into them, adding sparkle to the wit of the lines, and endowing their engaging if sometimes unseemly heroes with the manliness and grace of his own personality. Truly a theatrical prophet is not duly honored till his hair has turned gray and he has had a twinge of the gout.

It is just possible that Mr. Wallack's search for a young actor to succeed to his place in the theatre, and to hand down to another generation the elegant deportment, correct speech, and airy gayety of the school of Charles Kemble, would have been rewarded if he had pursued it in his own environment. He has always seemed to think that an actor of English comedy ought to be an Englishman. The idea is natural enough, perhaps, but while he was still scanning the English field for a youth of promise who had properly learned the rudiments of acting, the long-flickering light that Charles Kemble had left burning on the British stage went out. A new school of acting had been formed in London; it was art of a poor quality, founded on nothing in particular, but it was considered polite, and it thrived. To the dainty trifles in the way of comedy that came from the pen of Thomas W. Robertson, Mr. Wallack had already imparted the charm of his own wholesome humor. He had put into them the vigor they sadly lacked. But in England they had given birth to an entirely new race of actors, whose artistic mission it was, seemingly, to dawdle and yawn. The last traces of the robust and ardent style of the preceding era were swept away, and as yet there is no sign there of a renaissance.

Not only did Mr. Wallack fail to find a successor in England, but the change was so great that Wallack's Theatre in New York became the only theatre in which the best traditions of good English acting were preserved, and the veritable home of English comedy. So it remained while Mr. Wallack retained the physical strength needful to endure the countless cares of active management. When the time came for him to retire, it was better that the theatre should openly change its character, rather than struggle on vainly with the remnants of its old reputation, and little in its public offerings to justify even the remnants. Wallack's Theatre, as a house devoted to English comedy acted by a well-selected troupe of competent comedians, lasted for nearly thirty-six years, and during a large part of that time it was justly esteemed the leading theatre in America.

As an actor, Lester Wallack's "line of business" was determined by nature. In his time he has acted many parts, but he never aspired to Hamlet, nor did he ever try to get down to the level of Billy Lackaday. He never prided himself on his versatility, and it used to be said of him reproachfully that he was "always Lester Wallack." The burden of this implied fault cannot rest very heavily upon him in these days when we say regretfully of some callow Charles Surface or vulgar Alfred Evelyn, "Alas! he is not Lester Wallack." Suggestions of mimetic powers that might have been developed have been noticeable in some of his impersonations; he acted Badger in *The Poor of New York*, and his imitation of the Romany vagabond in *Rosedale* was a droll bit of broad low comedy. But in the public mind he has ever been the polished gentleman. The statement has been made on good authority that in his young manhood, when he gave up his commission in the British army to become an actor, he desired to play the rollicking Irish parts that Tyrone Power had then made popular. But his character, when he made his professional début at Dublin, was the suitable one of Don Pedro, the gallant, merry Prince of Aragon, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. He was about twenty-five years old at that time. He had received a good education in London, and had been trained to enter the army. He never did active service, and resigned his commission when his regiment was ordered to India, at the urgent request of his mother, and chose the vocation which was the natural inheritance of the grandson of Irish Johnstone and the son of James William Wallack. Under Benjamin Webster's management he made his first appearance on the London stage, at the Haymarket Theatre, November 26, 1846; and under the management of "Gentleman George" Barrett he made his first appearance in New York at the first Broadway Theatre, near Pearl Street, on the 21st of September, 1847. He was young and without fame, and he concealed his identity under the name of John Lester. He gained a foothold on the American stage, and won the popularity that belongs to a handsome, dashing actor of genteel comedy and the romantic drama, before the general public realized that he was the son of the celebrated Mr. Wallack. At the Broadway Theatre, besides revealing his aptitude in light comedy parts, those since most closely associated with his name, he acted Edmond Dantes, in a play taken from Dumas's fascinating romance, for many nights. At the Bowery, under the management of Hamblin, he made plays for himself out of other books by the same prolific writer, *The Three Guardsmen* and *The Four Musketeers*, and became, for a large and enthusiastic public, the ideal of dashing, heroic D'Artagnan. At Burton's he was associated with Brougham and Jordan in frolicsome comedy and touch-and-go farce. When Brougham opened his Lyceum, at Broadway and Broome Street, Lester was a member of the company, and during the brief and unfortunate period of Brougham's management there, a play by Lester called *Fortunes of War* was acted. That house became the first Wallack's Theatre. It was opened under that name September 8, 1852, when Lester acted Tangent in *The Way to Get Married*. His name was also on the bill as stage-manager. It is not necessary now to tell the old and familiar story of Wallack's Theatre. Since 1864 Lester Wallack has been *The Wallack*, and some years before that the public recognized in him the mainstay of the house. At that time, in the view of unprejudiced persons, he was already the best actor of characters that lay within his scope; and his list of parts included Shakespeare's Benedick and Mrs. Cowley's Flutter. Not only has he been the best "light comedian" of his time, but he seems to be the last of his artistic race. Only a short time ago he acted Young Marlow in Goldsmith's play with abundant vigor and vivacity, and with that easy grace and unforced humor that have always distinguished his work.

The testimonial to Lester Wallack, a performance of *Hamlet* to be given in his honor at the Metropolitan Opera-house, May 21st, in which Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, and Helena Modjeska will take important characters, with prominent actors in subordinate parts, is a fitting compliment. In the glamer surrounding it this representation of Shakespeare's tragedy will be unique, and the performance on the stage is likely to be smooth and brilliantly effective, which is not often the case when a number of distinguished actors are gathered together for a "benefit." Rehearsals, as needful things for eminent actors as for obscure ones, have not been dispensed with. Every seat in the great Opera-house was bought for that night within a few days after the sale began. Ten dollars was the price asked for a seat on the main floor, and many more persons wanted to buy chairs at that price than there were chairs to sell. This testimonial, which will certainly be one of the most remarkable theatrical events ever known, was planned by Mr. Augustin Daly and Mr. Albert M. Palmer, who, since the retirement of Mr. Wallack, have been the two foremost theatre managers of this country.

The plan was well devised, and it has been well carried out. The play-goers of New York have eagerly seized this opportunity to pay a noble tribute to the worth of his work as a manager, the delightful quality of his acting, and the honorable position he has always held as a private citizen. To the old play-goer this great testimonial will seem like a last farewell to many rare old friends. To Mr. Wallack himself it is not a farewell. He is still with us. But his costumes are packed away, and the host of characters in his repertory are now only memories. We are not likely to see again the radia..., deliciously impudent Viscount de Ligny of *The Captain of the Watch* turning a stranger's house upside down in a mood of merriment, and in the end marshalling his men with that splendid dignity that was just a little more than nature and just a little less than burlesque, and departing, like a conqueror, to the strains of martial music. Where shall we ever find such another Don Felix for Mrs. Centlivre's best comedy—a perfect hero of romance, formidable in his moods of jealousy, an ardent lover, a wit, and with all his impetuousness and freedom a perfect gentleman? When shall we hear again just the right tone of grandiloquent self-confidence given to the famous reply of bold Ruy Gomez to the fair Duchess, "Three days! madam, in three days there is time to win three battles!" Who will ever so deftly combine all the essentials of comedy and romance and startling melodrama as the only Eliot Grey of *Rosedale* when he crouched there in the starlight, garbed as a gypsy, murmuring the melody of "Lord Bateman, he was a noble lord," while the stolen child crept toward him, guided by the familiar tune, when the moment of discovery and assault and rattle and bang was just at hand, and all the while we knew the gallant lancers, armed to the teeth, were in hiding there behind the rocks and trees? Farewell to Eliot Grey, with all his temerity, his bad ear for music, and his ridiculous way of making love! Farewell to his counterpart, Leon del Mar, hero and humorist; to Hugh Chalcote and the mutton stew in the hut near Sebastopol, where they "all sang 'Annie Laurie'"; to Charles Courtly instructing Dazzle where to send the stolen door-knockers; to Harry Jasper assuming a frivolous mood with a breaking heart to make the girl he loved despise him; to Wyndham Otis returning the presents; to Hugh de Brass, with the hat of Colonel Agamemnon Wallop in his hand, discoursing about the "gathering thunder-clouds"; to Walsingham Potts trying to be affable and correct in his deportment with that diamond necklace down his back; to Marmaduke Woodcock, awake at last, and arranging that little affair for Larkings; to Hugh Trevor, the man whose life was all a mistake, and who went to his death, while we all wept, for the sake of love; to John Garth, the hero of melodrama, and Jack Poyntz, the raconteur of comedy; to Congreve's Valentine, to Townley's Lovel, to Boucicault's Tom Vacil, to Robertson's Colonel John White of the Minnesota Rifles—to these and all the others, farewell! In our time we shall hardly see them again, and if we see them we shall not recognize them. But to Lester Wallack renewed health, and many years of quiet life in the peaceful retirement he has earned by his labors!

Edward A. Dithmar.

MR. MILLS AND MR. WILSON.

The Chairman of the Ways and Means Commission of the House of Representatives is a very serious and earnest man. He has not told his age in his autobiography, but he appears to be between fifty and sixty years old. For fifteen years he has represented a Texas district, and his tall, slender figure has been conspicuous in the House. He has the bearing of a man who has done military service, and the gravity of one who takes life seriously. Perhaps, of all the active members of Congress, Mr. Mills was among the last to have been selected as an ideal leader on the floor of the House. He has been a frequent debater, a most persistent interrupter of other men, and yet, until the present tariff debate began, he made little impression upon his fellow-members or the country. He seemed to have an infirmity of temper, a quick and irascible disposition, and it is an open secret that the leaders of his party have had sometimes difficulty in controlling him. But he has shown that he possesses the power to rise to the occasion, and when responsibility was thrust upon him, to bear it with dignity and with conservative good sense. They who doubted the wisdom of his appointment have learned that his apparently quick temper was only the effort of his strong convictions to break through the restraints which the necessities of a legislative body impose upon the rank and file of the party.

There is not a more intense and enthusiastic worker in Congress than Mr. Mills. His life at Washington has been passed between the Capitol and his boarding-house. Social pleasures have had very little attraction for him. Occasionally he goes to a cabinet officer's reception in a perfunctory way, and probably for the sole purpose of performing a duty which he feels that his position imposes upon him. Since his first entrance into Congress he has been impressed with the overshadowing importance of the tariff question. Day and night he has studied the tariff law. He has literally burned the midnight oil. He has read the books with an almost feverish enthusiasm. A kindly man with generous impulses, and not without a due sense of humor, he has been unable to jest on the subject which has appealed to his mind to the exclusion of nearly every other question. Therefore he is a grim man, and his large dome-shaped head, and his handsome face adorned with a white mustache, become impressive. He is one of the rare men in public life, a man in earnest.

Mr. Mills was not an interesting speaker until he became the Democratic leader on the floor. There is a recognized difference between a man of one idea which does not possess him officially and a man whose public duty is to advance one idea. That is the difference between Mr. Mills the member and Mr. Mills the chairman. Now that he is listened to as a leader, it is found that he has a very valuable contribution to make to an important discussion. And so by mere stress of position an apparently wayward and excitable emphasizer of himself has come to the front as a debater of first-rate power. As to his manner, Mr. Mills is an easy, self-contained, aggressive Southerner, speaking the peculiar dialect of his section of the country. He is not an observer of conventionalities, but he is courteous and as tolerant as a man can be who is so enthusiastic that he has no time for idling, and little patience with the chaffing of an ordinary running debate. Congress and its business are of serious moment to him, and from the time that his constituents first sent him to Washington until now he has done what he conceives to be his duty with all the soul that is in him.

The new man whom the debate on the Mills tariff bill has developed is William L. Wilson, of West Virginia. This is Mr. Wilson's third Congress. He went to Washington five years ago looking like a boy. He was only thirty-nine years old, but he was graduated at Columbian College when he was seventeen years old. He had served in the Confederate army. He had been a professor at his *alma mater* while he was preparing himself to be a lawyer, and just before he was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress he was chosen to be President of the State University of West Virginia. The slight, short, student-like man, with a drooping blond mustache and mild blue eyes, attracted no attention at first, but he very soon and very firmly settled a difference of opinion about himself. He came to Congress at the time when the revenue reformers proposed to make one of their number Speaker of the House of Representatives. The contest was between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall. It was assumed that West Virginia was a protection State, and that its Representatives would vote for Mr. Randall. Mr. Wilson disappointed this expectation. He voted for Mr. Carlisle, and induced his delegation to follow him. Then, as the phrase goes, he "began to hear from home." Old members noticed the boyish West Virginian to smile at the sudden check with which his independent career had met. But when they imagined that Mr. Wilson would succumb to the demands from home, they reckoned without their host. He voted for the Morrison bill, and in 1884 went home to try conclusions at the polls with the protectionists. Mr. Carlisle had discovered his worth, and no Congressional election took place in that year in which the Speaker betrayed a deeper interest. Mr. Wilson won, and in 1886 he won again. He has not spoken frequently in Congress, but he has always spoken well. He is one of the very best examples of the scholar in politics. He is generously equipped for public service. His recent speech on the Mills bill was a surprise to the country, but it was not a surprise to those who knew him best. It showed that he was a diligent reader of the literature of the time, and that he had the student habit of mind which leads its possessor to investigate his subject to the very bottom. There is no man in Congress who asserts himself less than Mr. Wilson, and there are very few men who have his power to thoroughly master a subject. He will probably never be a brilliant figure in the House of Representatives, because he lacks the talent for wrangling; but he has come to be already a substantial and trustworthy member, because he has the power of thorough preparation, and a scholarship, and the readiness which wide reading gives, and of which exceedingly few Congressmen have any conception.

UNSEEN GARDENS.

We dwell in gardens of golden light
That only our fancy knows;
They are fleecy with lilies creamy white,
And yellow and red with rose.

They're purple with sprays of heliotrope,
And songful with mating birds,
And May-time's kisses of tender hope
Wake the green leaves' whispering words.

On the hollyhock there's a butterfly,
On the lilac a brindled bee,
And the drowsy zephyrs softly sigh
On the dimpled clover sea.

There is no bud on the airy larch,
Nor a flower upon the plain:
These gardens sleep in the wind of March
And the petulant April rain.

R. K. Munkittrick.

ROGER Q. MILLS, OF TEXAS, CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.—Drawn by Paul Rénouard.—[See Page 355.]

WILLIAM L. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA, DEMOCRATIC MEMBER OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.—Drawn by Paul Rénouard.—[See Page 355.]

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK.

"It kin be done, Nance, an' I'm a-goin' to do it ef it busts me." Newt Pinson brought the fore-legs of his raw-hide-bottomed chair down on the puncheon floor with a thump, and slapped his knees emphatically with his hairy hands.

"Five dollars air a mighty heap to spen' fer sech foolishness, Newt," replied his wife, turning the squalling baby over on its stomach and pounding it vigorously on the back. "Mo'over," she added, after a pause, "I don't see ez ye be *got* the five dollars, nohow."

Mr. Pinson stretched out one long leg and thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. "Ye're mighty right, Nance, I 'ain't," he admitted, blowing the loose tobacco from the handful of coin fetched up from the honest home-made depths; "I've got jes three dollars and a half lef' outn what Sam Leggett paid me fer the yearlin'. But me an' the childern hev been a-talkin' of it over, an' they hev conclusioned to th'ow in ther aigg money; Dan fo' bits, an' Pete fo'; Joe an' Jed hez two bits betwix 'em, an' Polly M'riar say ez how she hev fifteen cents. I'm lackin' of a dime, but I reckin I kin scratch thet up somewhers."

"Ther's my two bits up yan in the clock," Mrs. Pinson remarked, with pretended indifference; "ye kin take that ef ye air sech a plumb fool ez to pike the whole passel of us inter town to see the circus."

"Shucks, Nance!" he returned, indignantly; "I ain't a-goin' to *tech* yo' two bits." Nevertheless he got up and fumbled about in the clock case on the high mantel-shelf until he found it. "Anyhow," he added, as he reseated himself, "I kin pay it back whence ye git ready fer yo' nex' bottle o' snuff."

"Will they be a el'phunt?" demanded one of the freckle-faced urchins gathered around the heads of the family, listening, breathless, to the discussion.

"A dollar fer Nance, an' a dollar fer me," Mr. Pinson counted, gravely, taking no notice of the interruption, "an fo' bits apiece fer Beck an' Dan an' Pete an' Polly M'riar an' Joe an' Jed. Childern half price"—he glanced casually at the flaming circus poster tacked against the chinked wall in the chimney corner—"not countin' of the baby. An' fifteen cents lef', by jing!"

"Do ye reckin I kin git in fer half price, paw?" This question, which came from Becky, the oldest of the Pinson brood, who stood five feet six and a half inches in her bare feet, might have been meant as a bit of covert sarcasm, had not the eager voice belied any such intention. Her father's eyes travelled slowly up from the hem of her homespun frock, as she stood leaning against the chimney jamb, to her pretty round face framed in its shock of frizzly red hair. "Waal, I be dinged, Beck!" he exclaimed, in dismay, "I keep fergittin' ez how ye air growed up!" His face clouded, and he looked ruefully at the pile of dimes and half-dimes lying in his large palm.

"An' Sam Leggett's gone to Kansas on a cattle drive," murmured the twelve-year-old Dan, with a meaning leer at Becky. A vivid blush overspread her face; she dropped her eyelids and squirmed her shapely toes. But Mr. Pinson was absorbed in a mute recalculation, which ended presently in a beat-out whistle and a mournful shake of the head.

Mrs. Pinson, with the colicky baby laid over her shoulder, was jolting her rockerless chair to and fro, and singing, in a sweet drawling undertone:

"Far-ye-well, oh, far-ye-well;
When ye git to hev-ven ye will pa-art n-o-o m-o-o'!"

She interrupted herself to observe, quietly, "Ye kin tote the baby, Beck; an' I kin tote Joe; an' yo' paw *he* kin tote Jed, twel we git inside the tent. They ain't no charge fer children in arms. It says so."

"Lord, Nance!" exclaimed her husband, in an ecstasy of admiration, "ye air the beatenes' white woman on Rastler's Creek! Thet settles it oncet mo'! Fetch me a coal fer my pipe, Polly M'riar."

Becky heaved a deep sigh of relief, and sank down on her heels, reaching under her mother's chair at the same time for the snuff bottle.

"Will they be a el'phunt?" persisted Jed, the tow-headed boy next to the baby, already in long trousers, which were hitched up to his shoulders with a single white cotton "gallus."

"Of co'se. They is al'uz a el'phunt with a circus," replied his father.

"I 'ain't nuver seen no circus," said Mrs. Pinson, in jerks between the long-drawn swells of her mournful lullaby.

"Nuther hev I," admitted Newt, "but I jes natchly know that ever' circus has *got* to hev a el'phunt an' a clown."

"Didn' I tell ye so!" cried Dan, triumphantly, following with a dirty forefinger the head-lines of the poster. "Ain't the el'phunts right here, a-dancin' an' a stan'in' on they heads, an' a-rollin' o' barrils? An' ez fer *clowns!* they is four mirth-pro-vo-king clowns in this here show. It says so. An' five beau-ti-ful and ac-com-plish-ed lady bare-back riders;" and he continued to spell out laboriously the manifold and unrivalled attractions of Riddler's Mammoth Circus and Menagerie, billed—for one performance only—in Johnsburg at two o'clock P.M., Monday, the 18th of October. Come One. Come All.

Becky, struck by a sudden thought, stared at him, shifting the brush uneasily from one corner of her mouth to the other. "Like ez not," she broke out, abruptly, "Brother Skaggs 'll preach agin it nex' Sunday. Sho's yo' bawn, Brother Skaggs air a-goin' ter preach agin it."

Mrs. Pinson stopped singing; Polly Maria and the boys turned stricken faces upon their father.

His eyes twinkled under their bushy red brows, but his voice was decorously sober as he drawled: "Brother Skaggs hev gone to Confunce, an' he won't be back twel Sat'day week. Ye min', Nance," he continued, "it air thirty-one mile to town, an' ef we lay to git ther in time fer the show Monday, we got to camp somewhers 'bout Jim-Ned Creek Sunday night."

"Jes to think o' me goin' to town oncet mo'!" said Mrs. Pinson, meditatively, that night, when she and Becky were getting supper in the brush arbor behind the cabin. "I ain't been sence you was a baby, Beck. Yo' paw an' me went to Wash Dingwall's infair—he died with his boots on four year ago; an' Tempunce Loo—thet's his widder—she's married agin to Bijy Green. I rid behin' him, an' he toted you on his lap. Townfolks air mighty bigaty," she added, warningly; "'n' ye mus' do up thet pu'ple caliker o' yourn, Beck, an' put on yo' shoes an' stockin's."

"Seems lak fo' days won't nuver go," fretted Beck, "an' ole Baldy air sho to lame his se'f, or sump'n'. It's alluz that a-way whence a body air plumb sot on doin' a thing."

But the four days did go, and when the eventful Sunday afternoon came, old Baldy, unusually sound and spirited, was with Jinny, the gaunt gray mule, harnessed to the wagon; the patched and dingy cover was drawn over the bows, a bundle or two of fodder and a few ears of corn were thrown into the hinder part, and Mr. Pinson drove gayly alongside of the rail-fence in front of the cabin. The rickety house door was drawn to with a rock behind it to keep it shut. A couple of chairs were handed up for Mrs. Pinson and Becky, and they clambered in with the baby. The yellow cotton poke, well stuffed with corn bread and bacon, and the battered coffee-pot and frying-pan, were stowed under the chairs. Polly Maria and the boys sat on a quilt spread over the sweet-smelling fodder; Rove, Ring, and Spot, the lean, long-eared brown hounds, yelped and whined against the wheels.

They jolted away, serious, as became a perfessin' fambly on a Sunday, but full of inward excitement. At night they camped on the pecan-fringed banks of Jim-Ned, and were off betimes in the morning. But not too soon to find the road lively with friends and acquaintances from all the settlements around, bound on the same joyous errand as themselves. They passed Joe Holder, with his wife and sister-in-law and the thirteen children of the two families, creaking along in a huge freighter's wagon drawn by five yoke of gaunt, wide-horned oxen; they were overtaken and outstripped by a noisy squad of girls and young men on horseback from the Fork Valley neighborhood; they kept within hailing distance for a dozen miles or more of old Daddy Gardenbrier and his wife, riding double on their blind yellow mare. The Mount Zion folks, they heard, were ahead of them by some hours, and an impatient youngster who trotted by on a paint pony threw over his shoulder the information that the Big Puddle lay-out was coming on behind.

"Lord, Nance!" Mr. Pinson exclaimed more than once that morning, "I wouldn't of took five dollars to of staid at home."

"Nuther would I, Newt," Mrs. Pinson as often returned, with a kind of solemn delight on her thin, sallow face.

The long reaches of post-oak "rough" were heavy with sand; the shinn-oak prairies between were a tangle of roots that zigzagged across the road, and made progress slow and painful; the abrupt banks of the frequent "dry creeks" were steep; the October sun was hot; and by noon old Baldy had become utterly dispirited. He had, moreover, fallen a little lame, and he moved dejectedly along by Jinny, who long ago had flopped her big ears downward in sign of weariness and discontent.

The Pinsons under the dingy wagon cover were wellnigh speechless with impatience.

Suddenly Dan stood up, knocking his head against the low wagon bows. "Jes over yan," he declared, "pas' one little bit o' shinn-oak prery, an' crost a dry creek, an' up a hill, is town." Dan had been to town once with Sam Leggett to lay out his long-hoarded egg money in a four-bladed knife and a pair of store suspenders.

Polly Maria, slim and thin-legged, standing up beside him, pitched backward into the fodder as the wagon came to a sudden halt behind a group of dismounted horsemen, who, with their bridles over their arms, were squatting down, apparently searching for something in a half-dried mud-puddle to the right of the road. "Hullo, Jack!" called Mr. Pinson; "what ye lost?" One of the men looked over his shoulder. "Hy're, Newt? Howdy, Mis' Pinson?" he cried, springing to his feet and coming back to the side of the wagon, where he shook hands all around. "We 'ain't lost nothin'," he went on, putting a foot up on the hub of the front wheel and resting his arms on the hot tire; "we done found sump'n', though, you bet! A genooine el'phunt track in the sof' mud yander, plain ez daylight, an' no mistake."

Polly Maria and the boys scrambled in hot haste over the tail-board. Mr. Pinson threw down the reins, and held the baby while Becky and her mother jumped out.

"Wish I may die ef it *ain't* a el'phunt track sho!" he exclaimed, when he had joined the wondering circle gathered about the huge footprint.

"It looks to me lak ez ef it were hine-side afore somehow," said Mrs. Pinson, timidly.

"I have just been explaining to Mr. Jack Cyarter here and these other gentlemen, madam," said Mr. Tolliver, the old Virginian who taught the school at Ebenezer Church, "that it is a fact in natural history that the track of the elephant always presents that appearance." He removed his hat as he spoke, and made an old-fashioned courtly bow.

"Ye don't say!" murmured Mrs. Pinson, overawed.

Jack Carter and his friends mounted their horses and dashed away, followed at a more sober pace by Mr. Tolliver on his slab-sided plough-mule.

The Pinsons climbed back to their places and jogged on, across the bit o' prery and over the dry creek—where they came near getting stalled—and up the hill. On its crest Newt Pinson involuntarily drew up. "By jing! this beats *me!*" he ejaculated, with widening eyes. The square at the foot of the slope was in an uproar. Horses stood nose to nose around the court-house fence, and were hitched to the scraggy mesquit-trees that shaded the town well. The dusty streets leading away from the plaza were blocked with wagons little and big, carts, ambulances, dilapidated hacks, high-swung red-bodied stages—every imaginable kind of vehicle—and all the intervening spaces, as well as the irregular sidewalks in front of the four infacing rows of stores, were alive with men, women, and children, who elbowed one another, whooping, laughing, gesticulating—surging about in a state of the wildest, best-natured excitement. Beyond the unpainted little Baptist church, on the further side of the square, the circus tents were visible. Flags and streamers were flying from their poles, and a vanishing burst of music came floating from them up to the top of the hill.

"This beats *me!*" insisted Mr. Pinson again. With a deep-drawn breath he gathered up the ragged, homespun lines and drove down into the square, picking his way dexterously through the crowd until he halted alongside the shaky platform in front of Bush Gaines's store. "Holloa agin, Newt—that you?" grinned Jack Carter from behind the counter within, where he was helping himself to a plug of tobacco. "Ye're jes' a minit too late to see the percession. It air cert'n' a fine show. The el'phunt were ther', mighty nigh ez big ez Ebenezer Church. An' sech a clown! Ye'd 'a laughed yo'sef to death to 'a seen him. His breeches air mo'n a yard wide, an' he 'ain't got a har on his head!"

"Ef we hadn't of stopped to look at the el'phunt's track—" began Newt, regretfully; "but nuver min', Nance, it air a heap better to see it fust off fum the inside."

"Oh, a heap better," responded Mrs. Pinson, with cheerful alacrity. Bush Gaines, measuring off some jeans for a Mount Zion matron, called to Newt to bring his fambly in the sto' an' set down, an' pass the time o' day. But after a brief consultation with his wife, during which Becky took mental note of some town girls in looped overskirts and bangs—an observation which bore fruit at the next Quarterly Meeting—Mr. Pinson declined with thanks, and drove on to the town well—all but gone dry from the excessive strain put upon it—where Dan and Pete watered the team.

Afterward they crossed the square and stopped by the Baptist church, in full view of the circus tents, whence arose at that moment a prolonged and sullen roar. "They're feedin' of the nannimals," explained Mr. Pinson, in a familiar, offhand sort of way, whereat Mrs. Pinson shuddered and hugged the sleeping baby closer to her bosom.

Old Baldy and Jinny were unhitched and fed from the trough at the back of the wagon; the panting dogs lay down in the shade of the church; the children had a snack all around out of the yellow poke, and Becky and her mother fetched out the chairs and sat down to "have a dip."

"It air a haffn hour yit twel the do's is open," said Mr. Pinson, finally. "Jes ye an' the childern stay right here, Nance. I'm goin' to tramp down to the pos'-office an' git the las' 'lection news, an' sich. I'll be back the minit it air time, an' min' ye all be ready, lessn we don't git no seats."

Mrs. Pinson nodded, and he strolled away. "This here beats *me,*" he kept saying to himself. Johnsburg was indeed in an unwonted state of excitement. Riddler's was the first circus that had ever quitted the line of railway and ventured across the long sandy reaches of post-oak rough to the little isolated town in West Texas. And the whole surrounding country had pulled to its doors like the Pinsons, and responded to the invitation of the huge posters: "Come One. Come All."

Newt's progress was slow, owing to frequent encountering of neighbors and the necessity of inquiring after the health of their families. He did at last, however, reach the post-office, a ramshackle building next to the blacksmith shop. As he turned the corner he came upon a cake-and-lemonade stand. His hand went instantly down into his pocket, and came up with the extra fifteen cents, which he exchanged for three solid slabs of mahogany-colored gingerbread. "Fer Nance an' the childern," he explained, as the woman in charge wrapped up his purchase. The bleary old creature looked at him with a sudden kindly smile, and slipped a stick of peppermint candy into the parcel.

With one foot on the post-office step he paused to look at a man who had planted a gigantic yellow umbrella out in the dusty square, and standing bareheaded beneath it, was yelling some unintelligible jargon at the top of his lungs. Mr. Pinson hurried over and joined the ring of gaping spectators. On a bit of board in the shadow of the umbrella a couple of odd little marionettes of colored metal were circling in a kind of grotesque waltz. "*Lots* of fun for twenty-five cents!" shouted the showman, stooping now and then to touch up the figures with a stubby forefinger. "Lots of fun for twenty-five cents! The greatest toy invented in this age or any other. So simple that a crawling child cannot fail to manage it! Those who know the trick will please say nothing. *Cheap,* gentlemen, for *twenty-five* cents. Oh, I see the gentleman is going to buy!"

Newt grinned and shook his head regretfully.

"One for one, two for *two,* three gets the half-a-*dol*lah!" bawled another individual who had set up a table near by covered with wooden nine-pins. Jack Carter and his crowd were throwing at these with little painted balls. A cigar, Jack explained to Newt, was the reward for one pin knocked down at a throw; two cigars went to the player who knocked down two; while the lucky thrower who succeeded in knocking down three received fifty cents. "One for one, two for *two,* three gets the half-a-*dol*lah" went on the proprietor, monotonously. "Three throws for *five* cents. Step up, gentlemen, and try your luck! For a *nickel!* One for *one,* two for *two,* three gets the half-a-*dol*lah!"

"Lord! ef I hadn't of bought this durned ginger-cake!" groaned Mr. Pinson in spirit, gathering the paper parcel more securely under his arm and moving on with the crowd.

A step or two brought him to an open wagon from which a patent-medicine man was holding forth. "*Try* the remedy," he whined, flourishing a stout black bottle and a pewter spoon. "Cures all diseases! *Try* the remedy! Administered free of charge to any one in the crowd. This super*b* bottle filled with the remedy *only* fifty cents. The wise man tries, the fool dies. *Try* the remedy!"

"This here beats *me,*" murmured Newt, mechanically wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and backing against the court-house fence, where he leaned fairly exhausted with the variety and novelty of his emotions. "The haffn hour mus' be nigh 'bout up. Dinged ef I ain't glad," he continued, letting the crowd drift on without him to where the health-lift man was exhorting the cautious ranchmen to "try the machine, *try* the *wonderful* machine, gentlemen. *Excellent* for the constitootion! Only five cents a trial. *Try* the machine;" and the reckless cow-boys were emptying their pockets at the invitation of the vender of prize-boxes.

"Curious game that, sir," said a smooth voice at his elbow. He looked around, startled. A seedy but respectable-looking personage was standing by him with his arms crossed on the low fence. He jerked his head as he spoke toward a little knot of men hanging around the stile-steps leading into the weed-grown court-house yard.

Newt walked over and looked on. It was a simple-enough-looking game at cards. An innocent-faced little fellow with black hair and curly mustache was manipulating the greasy deck. The bet was five dollars. Two countrymen, unknown to Newt, with suspiciously stiff white collars above their coarse hickory shirts, and scrupulously clean finger-nails, won successively five dollars, and the dealer, much chagrined, seemed on the point of giving up.

Newt made half a step forward. His heart was beating violently and the blood was surging in his ears. "I'm a perfessin' member," he argued mentally with himself, while the cards were once more shuffled and spread out, "yit it air jes 'bout the easies' thing in creation to tell which one of them cyards air the right one. An' Nance an' me 'll hev mo'n time to trade out the five dollars whence the show air over. Shucks!"

And he counted out and laid down his handful of dimes and nickels, and hazarded a bet. He bent forward eagerly, and unconsciously stretched forth a hand. "This here monty air a mighty deceivin' game," remarked the blacksmith, with an air of conviction, as the dealer raked Mr. Pinson's money into his own pocket and walked jauntily away.

Newt turned about, half dazed by the suddenness of the whole transaction, and bewildered by the jeers of the by-standers. Just then, however, a noisy burst of music from the circus tents gave the signal for the opening of the doors; a wild rush immediately began in that direction, and in a few moments the square was deserted, except by the patent-medicine man and the owner of the big umbrella. These joked each other loudly, and slapped significantly their silver-weighted pockets.

Newt passed them with his head bent, heedless of the sneering laugh which they sent after him. As he approached the church he saw that Becky had the baby; she was holding him up and smoothing the pink calico skirts over his fat white legs. Mrs. Pinson looked at him with an unwonted sparkle in her solemn black eyes as he drew near, and lifted the chunky Jed in her arms. "She looks lak she did whence I war a-courtin' of her," he thought, with a sore pang. Joe plunged toward him with a joyous whoop. "Hurry, paw, hurry!" screamed Polly Maria, "we ain't a-goin' to git no seats lessen we hurry." He put Joe aside roughly and strode on to his wife. His face was set and hard, though his mouth twitched convulsively.

"Lord-a-mighty, Newt Pinson, what ails ye?" ejaculated Mrs. Pinson, letting Jed slip from her arms.

"Nothin' ain't ailin' me ez I knows on," he returned, in a dry, harsh voice; "we got to go back home 'thout seein' o' the show, thet's all. I done bet away ever' cent of ourn an' the childern's circus money on a fool game o' cyards—yander. Oh Lord—" he ended with a groan. A single wild wail burst from Polly Maria and the boys. Then they huddled against their mother's skirts in mute agony.

A faint flush passed over Mrs. Pinson's thin face, and the light faded from her dark eyes.

"Tain't no diffunce, Newt," she said, lightly, catching the baby from Becky's limp and nerveless arms. "Jes ye hitch up, quick ez ye kin, an' le's get outn this here bigaty town. Me an' the childern air plumb beat out wi' these stuck-up townfolks, anyhow!"

Newt stared at her in silence, and slouched away. Her gaze followed him to the rear of the wagon; when he was beyond the reach of her voice she whirled around and blazed in a threatening half-whisper: "Ef ary one o' ye says a word to yer paw 'bout this here misfortin o' hisn, or 'bout hankerin' a'ter the show; *er* ef ary one o' ye ain't thet gamesome an' lively lak ez ef they

wa'n't no sech a thing ez a circus, *er* a clown, *er* a el'phunt in this here livin' worl'—sho's ye bawn I'll shet the do' in Sam Leggett's face an' cowhide the balance o' ye twel ye can't set down fer a week!"

Becky's ruddy cheeks grew pale. "Yes, maw," she returned, in a subdued tone.

"Yes, maw," echoed Polly Maria and the boys, stolidly, not without squeezing back some ungamesome tears, however, as they stood in a row against the Baptist church and watched their father bring around Jinny and old Baldy.

Had they only known it, they might have seen while they waited the Lilliputian Lady and the Fat Woman go by in a shaky hack with torn curtains, and descend before the painted flaps of one of the side shows. But they did not know.

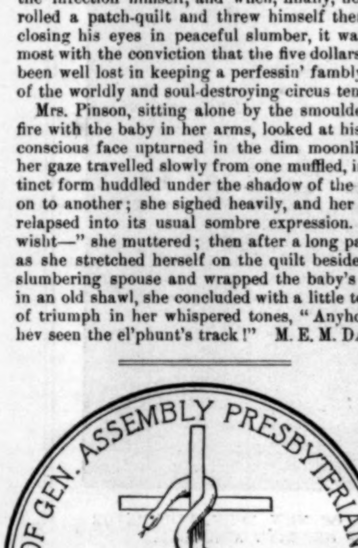
The wagon was turned around; they climbed over the wheels and settled themselves under the dingy cover. As they moved slowly across the silent square a tremendous shout from the spectators within the tent, and a pompous fanfare from the brass band, announced that the Grand Entry had begun.

Newt stalked along beside the tired team downcast and miserable. "I've even fergot wher' I lef' the childern's ginger-cake," he muttered to himself, as his mind went over and over the incidents of that fatal haffn hour.

A curious hilarity prevailed that night around the little camp-fire. Mrs. Pinson, usually silent almost to taciturnity, had become all at once loquacious. She painted to the family circle in glowing colors the pride and wickedness of town-folks; she pictured the denunciatory wrath of Brother Skaggs when he should learn that perfessin' members of Siloam Church had been inside of a circus tent; she related the experience of sundry sinners who had been overtaken by divine vengeance while in the very act of laughing at the antics of a clown; she even lifted up her voice and sang some particularly flame-and-brimstone-promising hymn tunes. Becky, mindful of Sam Leggett away off in Kansas, seconded her efforts to keep the general cheerfulness up to a proper pitch. If it showed signs of flagging, however, a warning look, shot from beneath their mother's drooping eyelids, acted like a charm on Polly Maria and the boys.

Newt, who sat mournfully hugging his knees at first, and gazing into space, presently caught the infection himself, and when, finally, he unrolled a patch-quilt and threw himself thereon, closing his eyes in peaceful slumber, it was almost with the conviction that the five dollars had been well lost in keeping a perfessin' fambly out of the worldly and soul-destroying circus tent.

Mrs. Pinson, sitting alone by the smouldering fire with the baby in her arms, looked at his unconscious face upturned in the dim moonlight; her gaze travelled slowly from one muffled, indistinct form huddled under the shadow of the wagon to another; she sighed heavily, and her face relapsed into its usual sombre expression. "I wisht—" she muttered; then after a long pause, as she stretched herself on the quilt beside her slumbering spouse and wrapped the baby's feet in an old shawl, she concluded with a little touch of triumph in her whispered tones, "Anyhow, I hev seen the el'phunt's track!" M. E. M. Davis.



CENTENNIAL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America," North, which began to hold its annual session of ten or twelve days in the First Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 17th, and "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States," South, which began its annual session on the same day in Baltimore, will together devote Thursday, the 24th, exclusively to a centennial commemoration in Philadelphia. These great and important bodies were constituted as one Assembly on the third Thursday of May, 1789—one year after the erection of the States into a Federal Union, by their adoption of the Constitution—in the Second Church of that city, a church founded by the celebrated George Whitefield, afterward ministered to by Gilbert, one of the family of Tennents, so noted in Presbyterian annals; and by Ashbel Green, who was afterward President of Princeton College. Philadelphia at that time contained about 40,000 inhabitants, and was the Metropolis of Presbyterianism in America. There were then three Presbyterian churches in the city.

The Presbyterian Church of the United States in that day consisted altogether of 400 churches, 200 ministers, 16 Presbyteries, and four Synods. 1. New York and New Jersey, on the north; 2. Philadelphia, in the centre; 3. Virginia, and 4. The Carolinas, on the south. The Assembly was constituted of commissioners, or delegates, sent by the Presbyteries; the basis of representation being one minister and one elder to every six churches, and the same for fractions over six and under twelve. The Assembly had been instigated by the Synods. There were in all, in this first Assembly, 23 ministers and 11 elders. Dr. John Rodgers, pastor of the First Church, New York, was the moderator; and Dr. John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, preached the opening sermon. The session lasted five days. Congress was then holding its first session in New York; and an address was drafted and sent by the Assembly to General, then also President, Washington. The name taken was only after some discussion. Dr. Witherspoon preferred as a designation "Council." The Assembly, down to 1838, met, forty-five out of forty-nine of its sessions, in the city of its birth, as down to about that period it was most central, and best able to entertain so large a body.

When the General Assembly was formed the Presbyterian Church in the United States had had an organic existence about a century and a quarter. The exact date at which the first church now in existence was formed—that of Jamaica, Long Island—was 1662. It and other churches were entirely isolated, having no bond of union save a common faith and order for nearly fifty years. During the latter part of 1706 or beginning of 1707 an attempt was made to form a Presbytery, which succeeded, and the new organization was called the Presbytery of Philadelphia. It contained seven churches, which were scattered over a wide extent of wilderness country. The Presbyterians were confronted with Episcopacy, and persecution arose; but it only united them and strengthened them in their polity. It made them, too, at a later date, stronger friends and promoters of the Revolution.

In 1717 the denomination had grown so that it embraced 40 organized churches, with a membership of about 3000, and 19 ministers, who were combined in four Presbyteries. A Synod was now formed, called the Philadelphia. As the need for ministers was growing, William Tennent, Sr., founded in 1726, at Neshaminy, Pa., the "Log Cabin" College, which became so famous and successful, whose history was written by Dr. Archibald Alexander. Here many of the early young men of the Church received training for the work of the ministry. In 1729 the Church became consolidated in doctrine, through what was known as the "Adopting Act," in which the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms were made their standards. Nearly a quarter of a century of union was enjoyed; but in 1741 the Church was rent in twain by a division in the Synod of Philadelphia, a part separating themselves and forming the Synod of New York. This action grew out of the great revivals of the times, through which many were tempted to enter the ministry without proper gifts and mental training. The respective parties became known as the Old Side and the New Side. To the latter belonged the Tennents, Whitefield, and other noted names. Some of these founded Nassau Hall, Princeton, having the same design as the Log Cabin College. After seventeen years of separation, in 1758, the two Synods became reunited.

Overtures were made by the Synod in 1766 to fraternize with other ecclesiastical bodies, notably with the General Association of Connecticut Congregationalists. A plan of union was consummated, which, with modifications, continued down to 1830. In 1792, and further in 1801, the plan was amended so as to allow three delegates from the Congregational body to sit in the General Assembly, and not only debate questions but vote on them. This was a decided step beyond mere correspondence. The Presbyterians went so far even as to appropriate their moneys for missions through the American Home Missionary Society and the American Board of Foreign Missions, largely Congregational. The ministers of either body might settle over the other, and remain connected with and be amenable only to their own ecclesiastical communion. At the first meeting of the General Assembly under these changed arrangements, Timothy Dwight, Jonathan Edwards (the younger), and Matthias Burnet sat as delegates from the Congregationalist Association. This was in 1793. Overtures made to the Associate Reformed and Reformed Dutch were not so successful. In 1827 voting by these delegates was cut off. And in 1830 the Plan of Union was entirely abrogated, on the ground that it had not been submitted to the Presbyteries. It has never again been revived.

Immediately after the formation of the General Assembly, the Church entered upon a career of increased activity, usefulness, and prosperity. Matters of general interest were debated, and new lines of action marked out. In 1792 the Constitution of the Church was amended by adding Scripture proofs to the Larger Catechism. In 1821 the Book of Discipline was added. Rules for judicatories have been adopted. In 1795 the slavery question was agitated with freedom, and for many years after it continued to be. Sales of slaves were condemned, and abolition was looked forward to as just, and to be provided for. The printing and circulation of the Scriptures was encouraged. As early as 1790 Mr. Collins, a printer of New Jersey, proposed to issue an edition. The Assembly drafted a plan for connecting with a part of it Ostervald's Notes. The British Government had not allowed the Colonies to print the Bible, and they had been dependent upon Oxford. Not till over a quarter of a century later was the American Bible Society founded. Care was taken from the first, instigated by foreign jealousy in this respect, to secure accuracy of print.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, consequent upon the war for Independence, but vastly more upon the French revolution, infidelity was wide-spread, and the churches felt the effect. In 1796 the Assembly appointed a day in August to be observed as one of fasting and prayer. It was kept, and a new era of revivals speedily followed. In 1800 the churches of the Presbyterian denomination had increased to four hundred and fifty and their ministers to two hundred and fifty. Alexander Hamilton had fallen in a duel, in 1804, by the hands of Aaron Burr. This gave occasion for the Assembly to utter its earnest protest against the practice of duelling as wicked and barbarous. In the same year, 1804, a state of things sprung up within the bounds of the Cumberland Presbytery, connected with the Synod of Kentucky, which ultimately led to a schism of wide extent. Large revivals had occurred, and consequent thereupon, as before had been seen in the history of the Church, persons not properly equipped had offered themselves for the ministry and been accepted. It led to the dissolution of the Presbytery, in 1806, by its Synod; in 1810 to the establishment of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; and in 1815 to a formal withdrawal of fellowship by the General Assembly. This branch of the Church has had a large prosperity. It numbers to-day 1563 ministers, 2540 churches, and 146,653 communicants.

The call, in the early part of the present century, for missionary labor, was great. Indiana, with a population of 25,000, had only one Presbyterian church and one minister. Illinois, with a population of 13,000, had neither church nor minister. In 1825 Michigan was unexplored missionary territory. The Church was comparatively poor, and funds in large amounts were not forth-coming. But there was a body of ministers in that day who were self-denying and brave. Many of them went forth, founding churches and collecting disciples, enduring hardships, for forty dollars a month, and often for much less. As a result of their labors, the Presbyterian ministry in Western New York, then a wilderness, was soon increased from two to fifty, and churches sprang up wherever there was a settlement. In 1808 Dr. Ashbel Green, at that time President of Princeton College, suggested, in Assembly, the establishment of one or more Theological Seminaries. Three plans were presented for consideration. One was a seminary for the North and another for the South. The second proposal was for one within the bounds of each of the four Synods which then embraced the Church. The remaining proposition was for one only, to be located at Princeton under the eaves of the college there. This last motion prevailed, and in 1812 the first seminary of the Presbyterian Church was opened with Dr. Archibald Alexander, who had been pastor in Philadelphia, as first and only professor, three students, and without public property. The year following, the courtly Dr. Samuel Miller, pastor of the First Church, New York city, increased the faculty to two. This institution from this small beginning has grown so that to-day it numbers eight professors and instructors, and has other officers, with 150 students, a library of 50,000 volumes, and property running up into the hundreds of thousands. Many other like seminaries have since been founded in various parts of the country, some of which have grown to similar large estate.

The service of song began to agitate the church long before the close of the last century. Rouse's version of the Psalms had long been in use and was tenderly clung to. Watts's Psalms and hymns began, however, to be introduced, and occasioned dissensions. This was notably the case in Kentucky, through the person of Adam Rankin. The Synod of New York and Philadelphia had in 1787 voted to allow Joel Barlow's adaptation of Watts. In 1789, at the first meeting of the Assembly, Rankin appeared in Philadelphia from across the mountain, with the special purpose of counteracting, and if possible annulling, the decision of the Synod. He did not prevail, but his attitude caused much trouble for some time. Timothy Dwight had prepared an edition of Watts's hymns for the Congregationalists. It satisfied the Presbyterians and superseded Barlow's, in their recommendation, after additional hymns had been appended by a committee. In 1819 agitation for a new book was commenced, and eleven years later, in 1830, the Psalmist was issued. Since then several private collections have been made which have come into public use, more or less, and a still newer one for general adoption, the "Hymnal," under the auspices of the Assembly.

After 1830 signs of a coming dissolution of the Church began to appear. Finneyism, Hopkinsianism, and Taylorism may have had something to do with effecting a division. But disagreement on polity, especially as to denominational agencies, had more. In 1837 the Assembly decreed the excision of four Synods and about thirty Presbyteries; and in 1838 the rupture was completed. At the meeting of the Assembly a secession occurred, the seceding party electing their own moderator in the house in which they had all convened, and then retiring for separate business to the First Church, over which Albert Barnes was pastor. They adopted the name of "The New School." At first they were recognized in the courts as the legal body; but, on appeal, the Old School was so recognized. For near fifty years the Churches had walked together in union. During over thirty years to come they were to dwell apart. In 1866 the first steps were taken toward a reunion. Both Assemblies met that year in St. Louis, and a correspondence began. In 1869 both Assemblies met in New York, when arrangements for a complete reunion were perfected; and in 1870 they met as one body again, "on the basis of the standards, pure and simple," in Philadelphia, where they had parted. As a memorial of the event, a fund of $7,883,983 was contributed, most of which was applied to the liquidation of church debts. Other memorials, too, were raised. One was the erection of the College Hall in Princeton, called "Reunion."

During the period of separation, a further division had occurred in both these branches by the secession of the Southern churches. In 1857 the New School Assembly had pronounced so strongly on the slavery question that several of the Southern Presbyteries withdrew from its fellowship, and formed the "United Synod," within their own bounds. In 1861 Dr. Gardiner Spring introduced into the Old School Assembly a series of resolutions on "the vexed question," which led to a secession from that body also. The Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America, now styled "The Presbyterian Church of the United States," South, was, thereupon, formed of these scattered members of the Old Assembly, a branch of the Church which still continues. In 1882 a correspondence was commenced between the Northern and Southern Assemblies, with view to a reunion organically. This has not yet been effected. Fraternal feeling, however, has been promoted.

Numerous and various Boards have been created by the Church for the prosecution and management of evangelical and benevolent work, under the direction of the several Assemblies. These have raised considerable sums of money, and employed it for mankind's good. Before the formation of any Assembly, Synods and Presbyteries did much in this line of action. And for some time after the formation of the first Assembly, such work was prosecuted locally and privately, or in union with other denominations. But in the latter period of the Church's history, independent organizations for these purposes have been created. For ministerial relief the United Church, North, had last year a permanent fund of $362,525; to which a further endowment has been asked this year, as a centennial offering, of $1,000,000. William C. Ulyat.

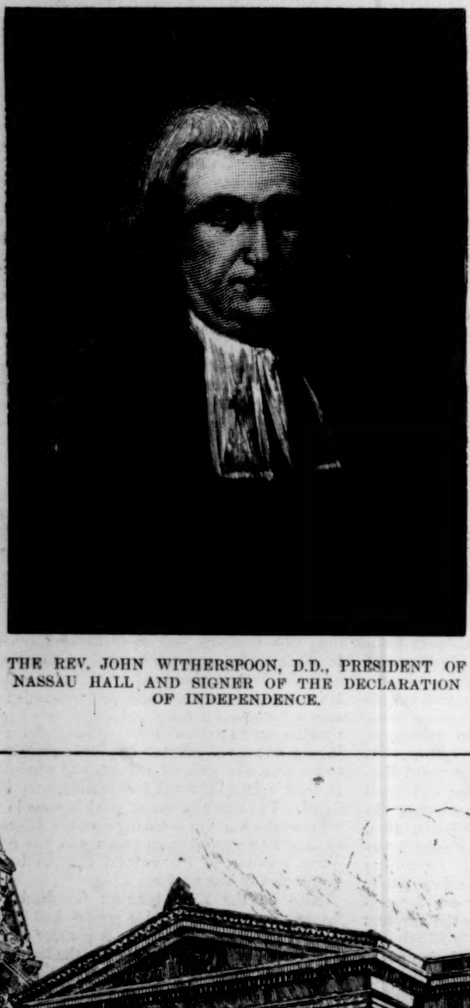
THE INUNDATIONS IN GERMANY.

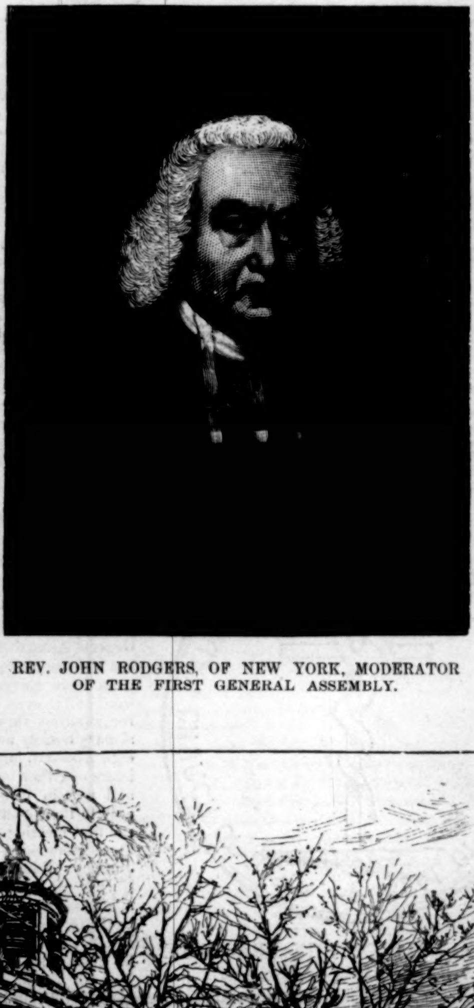
"I thoroughly approve your journey. Express everywhere my deep sorrow and sincere sympathy." This despatch of the Emperor Frederick was prompted by a series of appalling disasters, the inundations caused toward the end of March by the overflowing in quick succession of the three great rivers of northern Germany, the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Oder. It was addressed to Minister Von Puttkamer, who had gone on a tour of inspection through the flooded districts of eastern Prussia. Writing to the Chief Burgomaster of Cologne to thank him and the citizens for a generous contribution to relieve the stricken population, Minister Von Puttkamer said, "The state of affairs mocks every description which I as an eye-witness can give." Official reports confirm the statement that in their extent and the destruction wrought by them the inundations this year surpass any hitherto known in the valleys of these rivers.

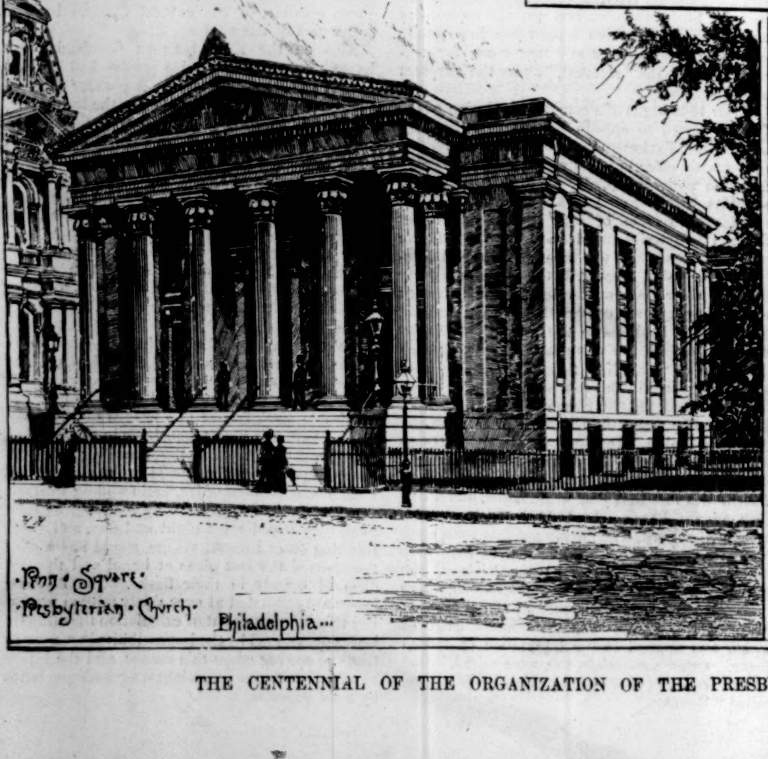
The Vistula divides into two branches at Pieckel, the larger emptying into the Baltic near Danzig, the smaller, called the Nogat, flowing northeastward to the Frisches Haff. Trouble was anticipated here early in the year, and in order to prepare for the general breaking up in the spring, the difficult operation of clearing the ice from the larger arm of the delta was begun toward the end of January. The work had progressed up to a point near the town of Dirschau, when it was interrupted by the severe early March storms. Before it could be resumed, the ice had begun to move on the upper Vistula, a gorge was formed near Dirschau, effectually damming the river, and the whole volume of waters, with immense masses of floating ice, was forced into the smaller channel of the Nogat. Only one result could follow. Not far from Marienburg the dikes which had withstood the waters for over a century and a half were broken through at two points. Between Marienburg and Elbing, an area of over two hundred square miles, containing about eighty villages and supporting at least thirty thousand inhabitants, was inundated. The one element of good fortune in this catastrophe was the breaking up soon afterward of the ice gorge near Dirschau, and the consequent opening of the natural channel for the larger part of the waters.

Also on the Elbe, between Geeshacht and Lauenburg, threatening ice gorges had formed toward the end of February. A pioneer corps of the army was detailed to blow up the ice masses, some of which were over twenty feet thick. Before the work was completed, the water had risen to such a height that the embankments were in many places, as at Hitzacker, overflowed, and at Lenzen, Landsatz, and Darchau altogether washed away. The extent of inundated country here was almost as large as on the Nogat. A little later the Oder, with its tributary streams, the Warthe and Netze, followed suit. A large part of Posen lay under water, and a worse fate overtook many of the other towns and villages along these rivers.

The comparatively small loss of life is due to the energetic measures of the officials. The pioneer corps of the army lent effective assistance. No better proof could be desired of the admirable discipline of this branch of the army service than the part taken by it in the work of rescue and relief. Sometimes making headway on their pontoons, threatened every moment by huge blocks of floating ice, again wading through the deathly cold water, hardly stopping to take food, they would work night and day, and then, reaching some isolated village, would share with the rescued the last piece of bread and the last drop of brandy in their flasks. The material losses are estimated at over thirty million marks. But this sum leaves out of calculation the ultimate losses occasioned by the impossibility in many districts of sowing crops this season, and the injury to a large portion of the richest agricultural lands by sand deposits.


THE REV. JOHN WITHERSPOON, D.D., PRESIDENT OF NASSAU HALL AND SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.


REV. JOHN RODGERS, OF NEW YORK, MODERATOR OF THE FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY.



THE CENTENNIAL OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 359.]

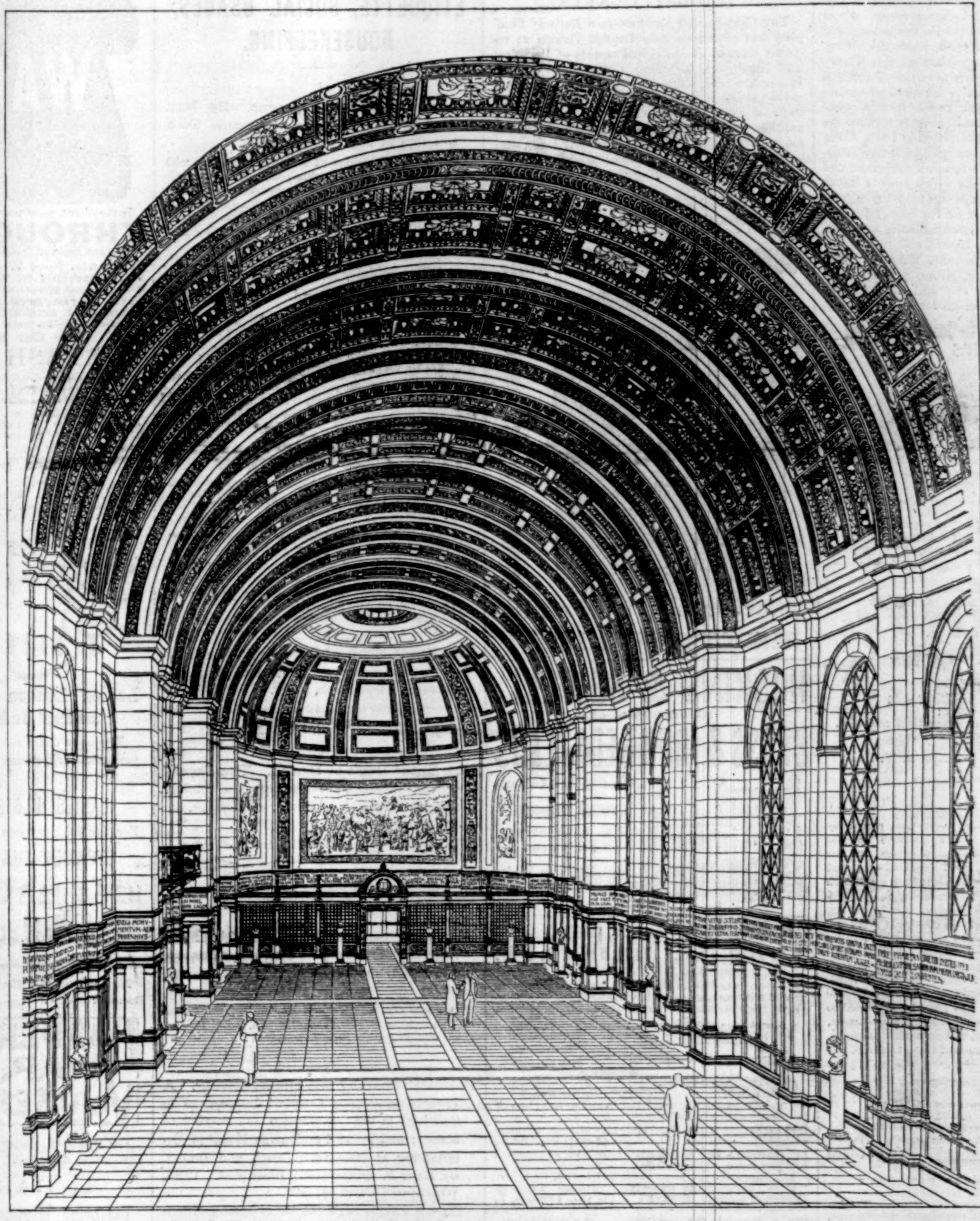
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The plans of the new building for the Boston Public Library indicate a structure of monumental design and of much importance to literature and art in this country. The plot of land upon which it will stand lies in Copley Square, in the Back Bay district, and is 250 by 264 feet. As seen in the illustration, the building is of noble Roman proportions which recall the stately round arch and long arcade of many structures in Italian towns, and especially in Rome itself. Simplicity, great dignity, and a certain restfulness of lines are the dominant notes of the edifice. Surrounding it, when completed, will be seen a striking variety of other architectural forms not so simple—Gothic, Romanesque, Italian, Renaissance, and old German; for here already stand the New Old South Church, the Art Museum, and the celebrated Trinity Church, not to name other structures of fame and esteem.

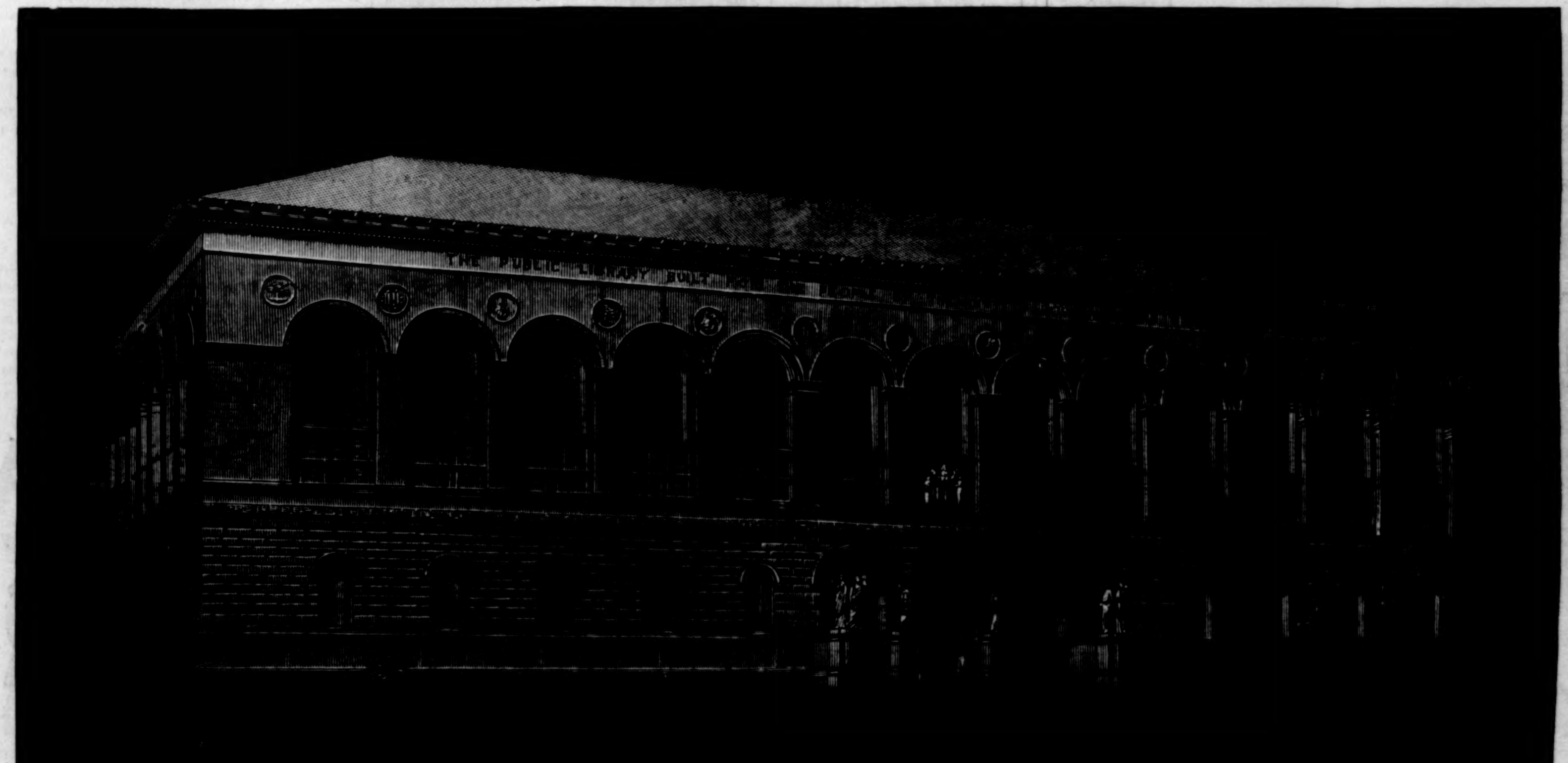
The material selected for the building is Milford granite, the color of which is warm and attractive. The arcade seen in the illustration extends along all four fronts, and is of course the great feature of the design, and a source of floods of light for the interior. Light also enters from windows opening on an inner court, which has an area of 100 by 135 feet. Probably few public buildings have been given an ampler supply of light. In the centre of the court will be a fountain, with seats for the use of readers, thus affording a delightfully cool and quiet retreat in long and oppressive summer days.

Flanking the central arched doorway are curved granite seats, with groups of sculpture on the two sides representing the Arts and Sciences, and with single figures at the threshold representing Philosophy and History. When the visitor enters by this doorway he will find himself first in a spacious vestibule of stone, 55 feet long and 16 wide, and then in a grand entrance hall of marble, 37 by 44 feet in size. The main staircase, which leads upward from the first floor (a floor given up to the uses of the working departments of the library), is a resplendent structure of the finest Sicilian marble, the steps being 20 feet long. On the second floor is found the reading-room, which takes up the entire frontage seen in the picture, its size being 42 feet by 218, with a height of 50 feet, and a barrel-vault roof. The woodwork of this magnificent apartment is oak, a wainscot of that material extending from the oak floor to the base of the great arched windows, a distance of 14 feet, while at the two ends of the long room are small arched spaces cut off from the main room by means of carved oak screens. For the storage of the vast collection of books space is found in that side of the building that lies parallel with the front, and in one-half of each of the two remaining sides. The entire space in these parts of the building, from the ground-floor upward, is given up to the shelves, which are arranged in six stories, each 7½ feet high.

The Boston Public Library, as most of the world knows, is one of the chief institutions of Boston. Every citizen of that town takes a personal pride in it, and feels a sense of ownership in it, and indeed for this has good reason. The library for consultation purposes is absolutely free to all comers, and any citizen of Boston, pro-



SECTION OF INTERIOR—BATES HALL, 218 FEET LONG BY 42½ FEET WIDE, BY 50 FEET HIGH.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF BUILDING.

THE NEW BUILDING BEING ERECTED FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—From the Architects' Plan and Model.

perly recommended, and above the age of sixteen, may take out books for use at home. From a collection of only 2000 public documents and other volumes owned in 1852, when the library first became an active organization, this library has grown in thirty-six years to be one of 492,956 volumes, and more than a hundred thousand pamphlets. EDWARD EVERETT was its first president, and GEORGE TICKNOR its second. Since the building now in use was completed in 1858, whole libraries have been given outright, including THEODORE PARKER'S, TICKNOR'S Spanish collection, and the $50,000 worth of books which JOSHUA BATES gave. For the working expenses nearly $120,000 are annually appropriated by the city of Boston.

It is estimated that the new building when finished will have cost $1,175,000, and that it will require at least three years to finish it. The architects, Messrs. MCKIM, MEAD, & WHITE, the well-known firm of this city and Boston, have been engaged upon the design for a year past.

A BACHELOR'S SECRET.

I KEEP one precious bit of gold,
 Safe hidden like a miser;
And yet if found by robber bold,
He'd never steal my wealth untold,
 And none would be the wiser.

Why do I hoard this bit of gold,
 Ne'er giving it or lending?
My friend, the story's trite and old:
I loved—but words are weak and cold;
 Let's hasten to the ending.

The bit I keep no one could miss
 From all her wealth, her glory
Of golden hair—gold, ah! like this,
This curl I took, and left a kiss—
 And now you know the story.

"Why prize it so?" I think may be
 Half-way in scorn you've queried.
Ah! friend, a miser lovingly
Saves out one bit of gold—ah, me!
 When—all the rest is buried.

One bit he saves, to touch and see,
 As I this little token:
Sweetheart! 'tis all I have of thee—
This, and a life-long memory,
 Of love that ne'er was spoken.

Through weary years my bit of gold
 I've hoarded like a miser;
Friend, when my heart grows tired and cold,
This curl lay in my dying hold,
 And none will be the wiser.

MRS. B. W. HUNT.

THE EARTH EXHALES POISON

To the air in localities where vegetation, rotted by freshets, is laid bare to the sun's rays by the retiring flood. Millions of square acres, in the vicinity of the great tributaries of the Mississippi and the Missouri in the South and Southwest, give forth this fever-laden miasmatic vapor, disseminating malarial pestilence broadcast. Not only throughout the great West, but wherever on this continent fever and ague makes its periodic appearance—and what locality is wholly exempt from it?—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the recognized defence, the most highly accredited and popular means of cure. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague, and ague cake are eradicated by it. Nor is it less potent when used to remove constipation, liver complaint, and dyspepsia, kidney troubles, nervousness, and rheumatic ailments. Use it upon the first appearance of these troubles, and with persistence.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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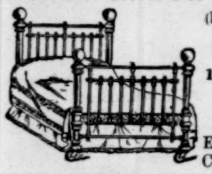

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[*From New York Home Journal.*]

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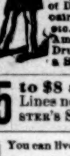

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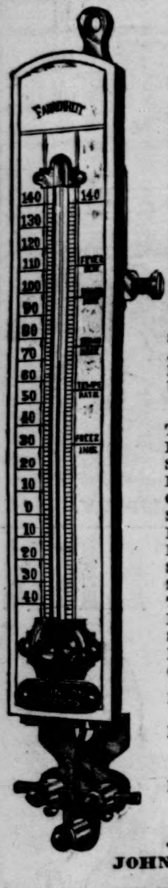

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For the Preparation of Artificial Food for Infants.

HUNTER McGUIRE, M.D., LL.D., late Professor of Surgery, Medical College of Virginia, Richmond:

"For *some time* I have been using Buffalo Lithia Water in the preparation of *Artificial Food for Infants.* Cow's milk is the substitute usually resorted to when the mother is not able to suckle her child and it is impossible to get a wet-nurse. One serious objection, *along with many others, to cow's milk, is its* ACIDITY. Human milk is always alkaline, but cow's milk, except when the animal is fed entirely upon grass, is almost always *acid.* This is the principal reason why the milk of cows disagrees with many babies, and lime-water is often added to this milk to correct the acidity. *I believe the long-continued use of lime-water is hurtful to digestion,* and last summer, when I was feeding two of my own children on cow's milk, and found the nurse adding lime-water to prevent colic and intestinal derangement, which the food otherwise produced, I directed her to use No. 2 Buffalo Lithia Water in preparing the children's food, with immediate and continued good. The Lithia Water was added until the milk lost its acidity and was neutral or alkaline. After all intestinal derangement ceased, and the children needed a tonic, I substituted for No. 2 the Water from Spring No. 3, which contains iron. I have used the Water in this way in many cases in my practice, and find it exceedingly valuable."

Water in Cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5 per case, at the Springs.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

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OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

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FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod-Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by **DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass.** Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free. ☞ Sold by all druggists. ☜

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THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE SUPERVISING ARCHITECT'S OFFICE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NEW FEDERAL BUILDINGS.

BY PERCY CLARK.

THE office of Supervising Architect of the Treasury is one of the most important in the government. This department designs and supervises the construction of all the public buildings outside of Washington. When first instituted its duties related to the construction of suitable buildings at the ports for the collection of customs duties. At the present time the broader policy of erecting buildings for the use of the government in the several departments throughout the States has increased the business fourfold from what it was originally intended to undertake. Most of the buildings erected by the Supervising Architect have been designed to accommodate the Treasury Department in the collection of customs and internal revenue taxes, the local Post-office, the Federal courts of the Department of Justice, and the land offices of the Department of the Interior. The position of Supervising Architect is one in which ability and sterling honesty are absolutely necessary. He directs the preparation of all designs for public buildings, has all the materials tested, and is called upon to decide the letting of contracts involving large sums of money, and then to see that those contracts are rigidly complied with, a responsibility and mental strain that no ordinary man is qualified adequately to meet. The openings for fraud are many, and the opportunities are not left altogether neglected by the unscrupulous. As the selection of the site for a public building will necessarily enhance the value of adjoining property in the several cities, property owners will use every means to have the selection favor their interest.

The Supervising Architect, Mr. WILLIAM A. FRERET, is a citizen of Louisiana, and was appointed about August last to succeed Mr. BELL, who has left some fine buildings to prove his capacity. Mr. FRERET has endeavored to thoroughly grasp the details of his office, and to reorganize it in some of its workings in order to better facilitate the discharge of the increasing work. In fact, he has not thrown enough of the responsibility of his department upon his assistants, and is unnecessarily hampered in an effort to pass upon unimportant matters. As an architect there can be no question of his ability, and the plans already prepared show that he will keep up the high standard of his predecessors, besides making some very necessary reforms.

The Congressman who secures a public building for a city is regarded as one who is entitled to the thanks of every citizen, irrespective of his politics. As an instance of this, in a Southern city, whose Representative was a big man in the double sense, there was a universal desire to recognize his good work in Congress, in that he secured the long-sought public building, and it was proposed to erect a life-size statue to him. Upon consultation with the authorities as to placing it upon the top of the public building when erected, it was found that the plans already adopted would not admit of so great a weight. The joke goes that the architect when approached, said, "Why, it will take the foundations of the pyramids to hold that statue." It has become a part of the duty of every Congressman in whose district there is a city of five thousand population to introduce a bill in Congress to have a public building erected there; perhaps the only government need there may be to accommodate the post-office. It frequently occurs that this is the only step taken, and the Congressman is complimented in his home papers, while his bill "lies buried in the sea" of others of a similar kind.

When there is a popular demand for a public building, and the Congressman's political existence is likely to be seriously affected thereby, he goes to work very earnestly. He will ask for an approximate estimate of the cost of a building with about the dimensions of the one proposed, and the Architect's office must be prepared when thus called upon to furnish such estimate promptly. This estimate is usually formed by means of a process which the architects call "estimating by cubing," that is, by roughly laying out plans for such a building as is required, and "cubing up" the whole amount of space contained in the building. Long experience alone enables a man to give a reliable estimate on such short notice as is often required. The cost of public buildings varies from twenty cents to forty cents per cubic foot, according to the quality and style of construction. It is unnecessary to make a more accurate estimate at first, as in a good many cases the appropriation desired is cut down from ten to twenty-five per cent. The law and certain rulings of the Treasury Department require that all buildings must be erected complete for the money named in the appropriation, the contract including heating, approaches, elevators, and contingencies—in fact, everything except furniture; yet these are circumvented by starting the plans upon a certain estimate, and proceeding with the foundations and often to the erection of one story, when the shrewd member proceeds in another Congress to get the appropriation increased. At one time it was impossible to say just what a public building would ultimately cost when completed, one appropriation after another being made, until the original estimates as to cost were in some cases trebled. The law also provides that no money shall be expended until the plans and estimates have been approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of the Interior. When the money for the building becomes available, a circular letter is usually sent to the postmaster of the city, with a request that he advertise in the local papers the fact that the government desires to purchase land suitable for the erection of the building, and specifying about the size of the lot required. An agent of the government is then sent to examine the lots offered, and to report upon them all, and recommends the one which to him seems most acceptable to the government. As the erection of a public building in any portion of the city affects the business interests of that portion, it is natural that there should exist a good deal of rivalry among lot owners, and it sometimes happens that owners are willing to donate sufficient land for the building, or at least to sell it at a very low figure. On the other hand, when it seems desirable for the building to be located in the heart of the city, where buildings may have to be torn down to make room for it, large amounts must sometimes be paid. The agent of the government reports to the Supervising Architect, who personally examines the evidence presented, and makes his recommendations to the Secretary of the Treasury, who authorizes the purchase of the site chosen, subject of course to the question of title. The latter subject is then taken up, and the papers relating thereto are submitted to the Attorney-General. The investigation of the title, with the usual delays of the law and the routine of red tape, requires about three months, causing much criticism and impatience by the public. As the question involves the future right of the government to large sums of money to be expended for the building, it is absolutely necessary to examine critically the title to the site. And sometimes it becomes necessary to select another site by reason of defective titles as to the first.

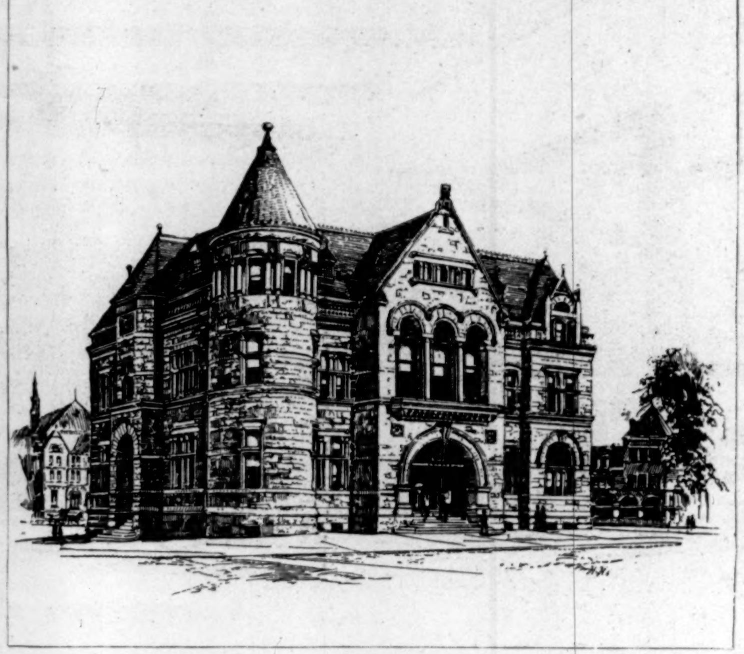
The law distinctively provides that no money whatever shall be expended until all these preliminaries are definitely settled. If the title is found good, the next step is to secure the services of a competent surveyor, who furnishes a map, and reports upon the condition of the soil upon which the building is to be erected. Sketch plans are then prepared with great care by experienced architectural designers, under the direction of the Supervising Architect. It is usual to send a paper tracing of these sketch plans to the postmaster of the city, with the request that he send a list of the different offices which are to be accommodated in the building, and that he report any alterations which he thinks would be in the interest of the government. It frequently happens that the appropriation is not sufficient to accommodate the Federal officers in the building with such liberal quarters as they usually desire. The sketch plans before mentioned are usually drawn to the scale of one-eighth of an inch to the foot, and unless the office is hard pressed for time the plans are quite elaborately finished, sometimes in colors, generally in black and white India-ink. These plans are submitted to three cabinet officers for their approval, and after being passed upon by experts, are returned to the Supervising Architect. When the size and style of the building are agreed upon, the working drawings are made, in the preparation of which it is necessary to subdivide the work, giving to different draughtsmen different portions of the drawings for execution, each draughtsman being held responsible for the accuracy of his part of the work.

THE DIVISIONS.

The office is divided into many divisions—namely, the clerical division; the draughting division, in which designs are made and the working-drawings are prepared; the law division, which is charged with the settlement of all questions of title to public buildings and other legal questions arising in consequence of claims of contractors, etc.; the construction division, which receives reports from the different superintendents of buildings throughout the country, and keeps accurate account of the progress of these buildings; and the accounting division, which is charged with the expenditure of money and settlement of accounts. The division of repairs has charge of all repairs to public buildings. The computers' division is charged with the preparation of estimates and similar duties. The division of files has charge of the records, contracts, and other papers. The sample division has charge of all the offered specimens of stone, brick, and other building materials submitted by contractors. The model shop is a new division recently added.

Of these divisions, the draughting division is probably of most interest to the general public. The others are more or less routine offices, wherein the clerical and other detail work is performed. This division is subdivided into the draughting division proper, the tracing division, and the photographers' division. It often happens that even men of recognized ability who enter this office

POST-OFFICE, COURT-HOUSE, ETC., TROY, NEW YORK.



POST-OFFICE, ETC., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

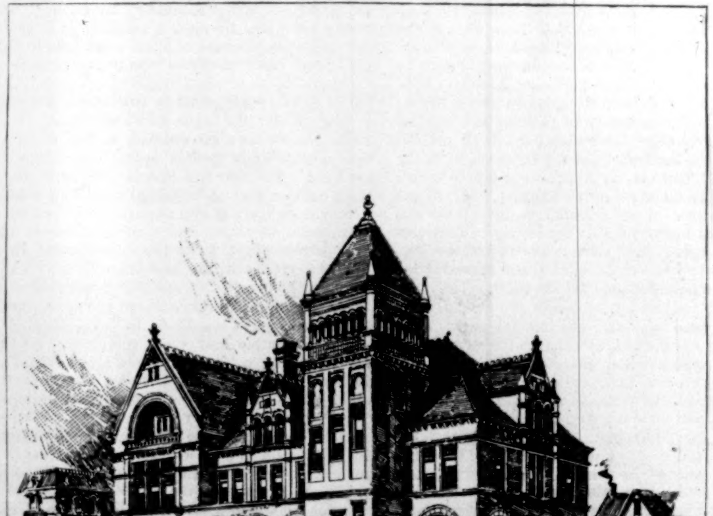
POST-OFFICE, ETC., A

POST-OFFICE AND COURT-HOUSE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

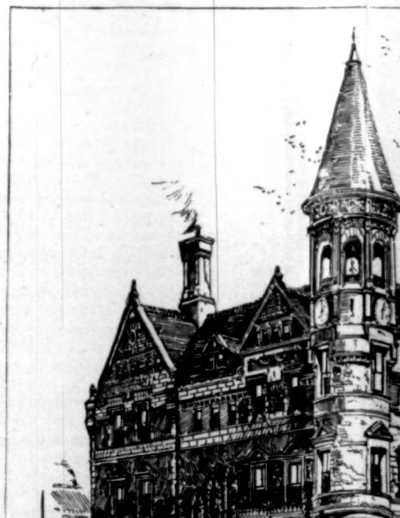
POST-OFFICE, ETC., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, CHATT

CUSTOM-HOUSE, POST-OFFICE, ETC., GALVESTON, TEXAS.



COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.



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POST-OFFICE, ETC., SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

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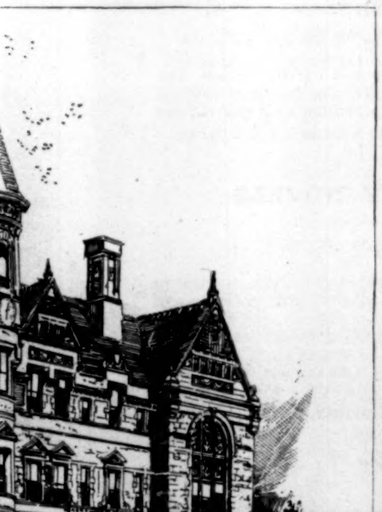
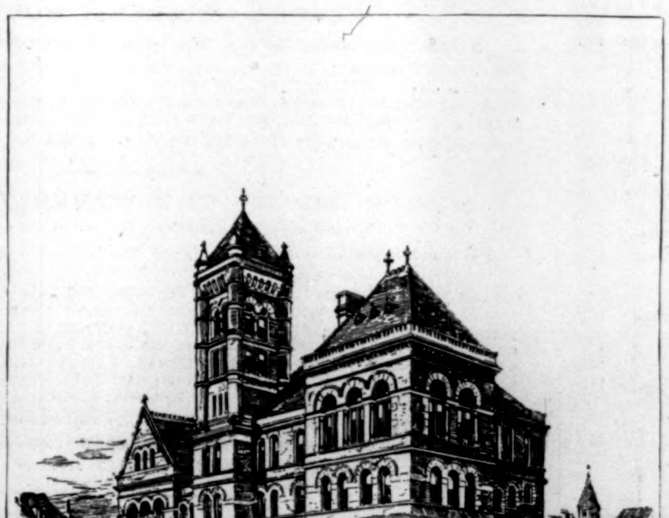


TC., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.



COURT-HOUSE, POST-OFFICE, ETC., WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA.

POST-OFFICE, ETC., READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

RUCTION.—FROM THE PLANS OF THE SUPERVISING ARCHITECT.